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LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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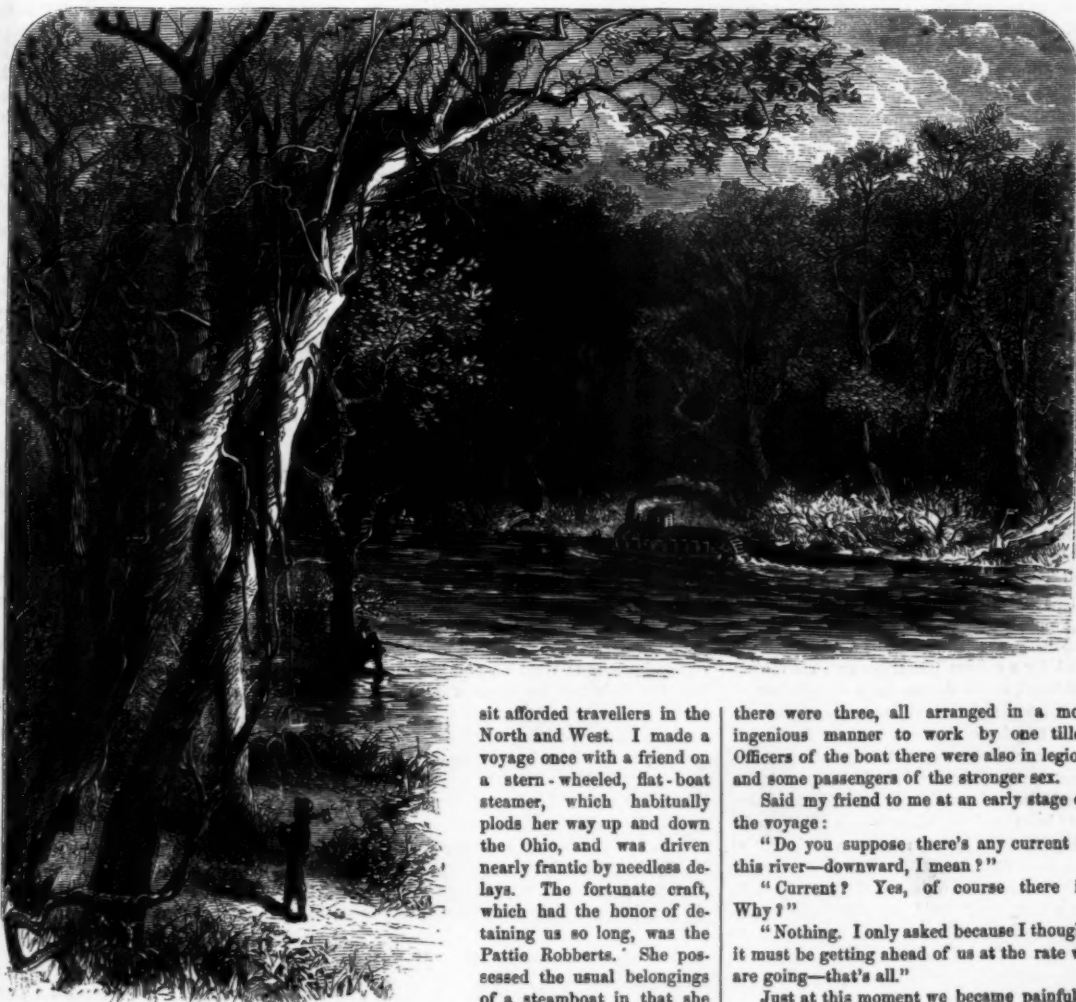
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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

UP THE GUYANDOTTE.

I.



sit afforded travellers in the North and West. I made a voyage once with a friend on a stern-wheeled, flat-boat steamer, which habitually plods her way up and down the Ohio, and was driven nearly frantic by needless delays. The fortunate craft, which had the honor of detaining us so long, was the Pattie Robberts. She possessed the usual belongings of a steamboat in that she had smoke-stacks, of which

there were three, all arranged in a most ingenious manner to work by one tiller. Officers of the boat there were also in legion, and some passengers of the stronger sex.

Said my friend to me at an early stage of the voyage:

"Do you suppose there's any current in this river—downward, I mean?"

"Current? Yes, of course there is. Why?"

"Nothing. I only asked because I thought it must be getting ahead of us at the rate we are going—that's all."

Just at this moment we became painfully aware of another fact in connection with the boat—she had a whistle! She *did* blow it, for a steady half minute.

When the blow was ended, my friend

THE ways of Southern steamboats and railroads are very aggravating to one accustomed to the prompt and rapid tran-

there were two very long ones; engines, of which there were two very wheezy ones; a huge paddle-wheel and rudders, of which

took his fingers out of his ears, and then asked:

"What's that for? I don't see any thing in the wa—"

Whistle again, a full minute this time, and afterward a succession of short screeches.

Then said a fellow-passenger, in explanation:

"They are going to land with the mails. This is the mail-boat."

"Oh, but I don't see any post-office? It's back there in the woods, somewhere, I reckon. Is it not?" he asked, in reply.

You perceive my companion had commenced to pick up Southern expressions already. I never heard him say "I reckon" before. It is a way he has when he goes to any part of the world new to him. When he was in England, he always would say, "I fancy," and, when he was down East, "I calkerlate."

In a few moments the boat was landed by running her bow close up to the bank, and a gang-plank shoved out by the negro deck-hands made an easy communication with the shore, as the single figure of a man was seen pushing his way through the dwarf-willows toward the bank.

"Hurry up thar!" sung out the captain. "Come and git yer mail."

The said "mail" was in the grasp of a young darkey at the moment, who ran down the plank with it, and exchanged it for another bag, which the postman had brought with him.

Then the little bell rung, and the Pattie Robertts made much backing and filling, and then went on her way again, to screech fiendishly, ever and anon, as she prepared to land for a chance passenger on a convenient sand-spit, or to deliver bags of missives at their many and various destinations—not always to grim old fellows like the first postmaster we had seen, but to pretty postmistresses sometimes, when the dapper clerk would dance down the plank, make her elaborate bows, and roll sheep's-eyes at her, as he and she exchanged the bags and glances at the same time.

"It must be rather good fun to be clerk on a boat, hey?" said my friend, after an incident of this kind. "You don't seem to like that whistle," said he, a moment after, to recommence the conversation.

"No," rejoined I, "I don't."

"Well," said he, again, "to comfort you, my boy, let me tell you how necessary it is. You see there are many boats on this river, and they must each have a different way of

whistling, in order that the people ashore can tell who's a-coming, so they have to do it by using long ones and short ones, something like the telegraph, thus" (taking out his pencil, he proceeded to explain): "———"

——— represents the Pattie's peculiar

'holler,' or thus: "———", and in

like manner he wrote down the time by which

the Kick-a-hoop announces herself.

"Ah," said I, "thanks."

And, I regret to confess, then retired, in a surly manner, behind a cloud of my own blowing.

After a time, early the next morning—it might injure the boat's business to say at exactly what time—she at length came to the landing—more correctly, the "wharf-boat" at Guyandotte.

Now, for the information of some people who have never been there, and they are

time at least an hour, and therefore we had to go for a walk to stay our appetites until that important meal should be ready.

Taking it for an opportunity to see the town, we strayed through the principal street, and at length found ourselves on the suspension bridge, near the mouth of the river, watching the lumbermen as they steered the great rafts of poplar and oak, which we saw being floated rapidly down the current of the "roaring Guyan."

We ascertained, among other things of moment to our journey, that "the packet" would leave, for up-river, about nine o'clock that morning. The hour suited to a dot, and, as soon as we had done justice to the longed-for breakfast, we took passage on the Stately Lark—the packet—and were off for Barboursville, where we were to get our horses.

"Pretty country this," remarked my companion to the skipper.

"Mighty pretty," said he.

"Fine trees."

"Considerable fine."

"How's the lumber-business?"

"Right good, I reckon. Thars bin right smart er timber took out this spring back."

"Plenty of it up the river yet, I suppose, is there not?"

"I reckon! But yer see it's a gittin' scarce nigh the river, so it hes to be hauled."

It was only seven miles, the skipper said, to the head of steam navigation at Barboursville, but, in his vernacular, "it took er right smart

heap er minutes gitting thar onto the Lark."

She was out of repair, and could only go slowly. Some one on board remarked that she was "no skylark," that he knew by the want of speed, and by the length of her bill, but that he thought likely she was a shore-lark, judging by the fondness she seemed to have for hugging the shores. Not being posted in ornithology, I remained wisely silent, and lay motionless on my back, drinking in the beauty of the skies, and of the trees which lined the bank on either side. Especially I admired the great plane-trees, or sycamores, which grow most grandly and luxuriantly on this river. There was a magnificent group of them, which might be called a group of giants. One patriarchal fellow, who had rotted at the base, had fallen over on another, whose sturdy limbs yet held up his dying comrade, while a huge grape-vine, ten inches in diameter by actual measurement, entwined them both as he climbed to their very top, a hundred and fifty feet at the low-



CHANGING THE MAIL—SOMETIMES.

doubtless very many, it may be well to state that Guyandotte is a town situated at the mouth of the Guyandotte River, which has its rise and course in West Virginia, and empties into the Ohio not far above the Kentucky border.

Like most out-of-the-way places, this town has not a prepossessing appearance to the stranger. Besides some fifty or more houses, it contains several hotels, excellently adapted to the wants of the different classes of guests who frequent them. We ignorantly, but luckily, hit upon the Olive, probably because we remembered having read something about the good omen of the dove and the olive-branch.

The experience was happy, and demonstrated that "mine host" Scrannage knows very well how to keep an hotel. In point of fact, it may be said that he keeps the best hotel on the river.

It was, as I have remarked, very early morning when we landed, before breakfast-

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* The war w
near Han
la, June 10

est. What a sermon on the beautiful old, old text of "Love ye one another," this group of old trees preach to men who can see and understand!

Why don't you open your arms, old tree, and let him fall? He is nearly gone! If you do not, he will bring you to earth with him. Ah! that's not the way with trees. You may talk to a man so, but the trees are faithful; they won't hear you. My friend says there were beautiful birds that day among the woods on the river-banks. Certainly there were sweet songs of the cardinal red-birds and of mocking-birds; grotesque screechings from grakes and wood-

peckers, and glorious flashings of color from blue jays, who ventriloquized gayly from their concealments among the new leaves. Notes of orioles and thrushes, and many drunken singings of bobolinks and vireos, floated along in the air, and almost as musically the water rippled against the bows of the Lark as her diminutive stern-wheel pushed her slowly on. My friend knew all about it, for he was quite an ornithologist, and the captain had heard birds singing so often that he did not care for it; so I had the best part of the fresh pleasure. At length we came to Barboursville; it is an historical spot now, since the war. Here it was, near where the Lark makes her landings, that the second battle,* or serious skirmish of the rebellion took place.

It happened on the morning of the 13th of July, 1861; the man who gave me the date was certain, he said, because he was married the day before the event, and therefore likely to remember it well. Philippi claims the first battle-ground, too—perhaps it as well to leave the matter unsettled.

The story goes that a party of Union soldiers came over from Ohio, and started on a raid through Cabell County, and that the Barboursville Confederates organized quickly to stop them. They went out on horseback, armed only with shot-guns, and any other kind of shooting-irons they

* The first battle of the war was at Bethel, near Hampton, Virginia, June 10, 1861.



CHANGING THE MAIL—OTHER TIMES.

could find, and were uniformed simply with red bands around their hats. (Strange what a passion raw soldiers always have for red!)

Notwithstanding the superior position they held, and the possession of the bridge over Mud River, the Southern band were soon driven back, with the loss of a man killed and some wounded. They attribute their defeat to the superior weapons of the Union men.

Be that as it may, the Northerners marched in, and the "Confeds" marched out, and did not attempt to hold the place again at any time during the war, although they made frequent descents upon it, alternating with the other side in possession.

Cabell County saw some fearful times after that, for the population was pretty equally made up of the two parties, and, as each had the ascendancy, it plundered the other, and destroyed in its turn.

We thought we never had seen a more poetical realization in Nature of the turning

the sword into the reaping-hook sentiment, than that in the great gilt ball which surmounts the courthouse dome. The Union soldiers had found it an attractive mark for their rifle-bullets, until it was pierced many times with large, ragged holes, through which the purple martins now creep in and out, to and from the nests they have built in its hollow space.

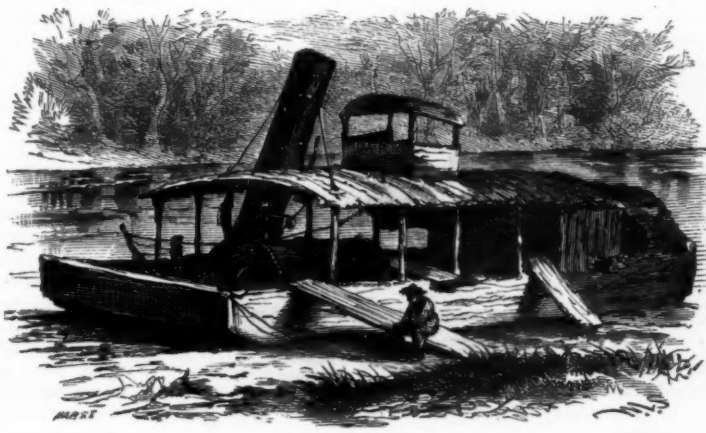
After dinner the hotel-keeper provided horses, and by high-noon we were on our road up the river, bent on seeing the country. For some distance the route runs back from the "roaring Guyan," until at length Dusen-

burgie's Mills are reached. There is an old dam at these mills which churns the water into rapids difficult to ascend. Luckily a gang of "push-boats" were here, on their way up the river, and we had an opportunity to see the picturesque process of "hauling over." The push-boats are the principal means of transportation between Logan County, at the head-waters of the river, and the town of Guyandotte, where the settlers buy their supplies.

Very large loads are transported by their means; as much as two tons' weight being sometimes carried up-stream on a single one of them. They are hardly more than rafts, some forty feet long, and are propelled by two men on each side, who shove them with their long poles at a rate of some two or three miles an hour, according to the strength of the opposing current. Dusenburgie's dam is the first obstacle they encounter on their way up, and, in order to get over it, the boats have to be unloaded, and their cargoes packed

across on the backs of the boatmen. They are then hauled over by ox-teams kept near the mill, aided by all the hands to be mustered from the several "vessels of the fleet." By-standers are always cordially invited to join in, and to consider themselves repaid for their labors by a "tot" of whiskey from the never-failing barrel of rot-gut, which furnishes spirits for the crowd.

All this labor makes the carriage of the goods for the last hundred miles or



THE "LARK."

so very expensive, and the consequence is, that the poor dwellers in the up-country have to pay double cost for the little comforts of life, such as tea, coffee, sugar, and clothes.

From the mills the road runs along the river-bank most of the way, now and then leaving it to climb a hill-side, or wind through the centre of some beautiful bottom-farm, fertile in spite of bad farming and a continual succession of exhaustive crops.

"Why, gentlemen," said an Ohio farmer to us one day, "these fellers don't 'bleve in fertilizin' or manurin'. No, they don't! They just build their stables right over a branch, so as to run all the manure right off, and then feed the corn-stalks to the cattle in the road."

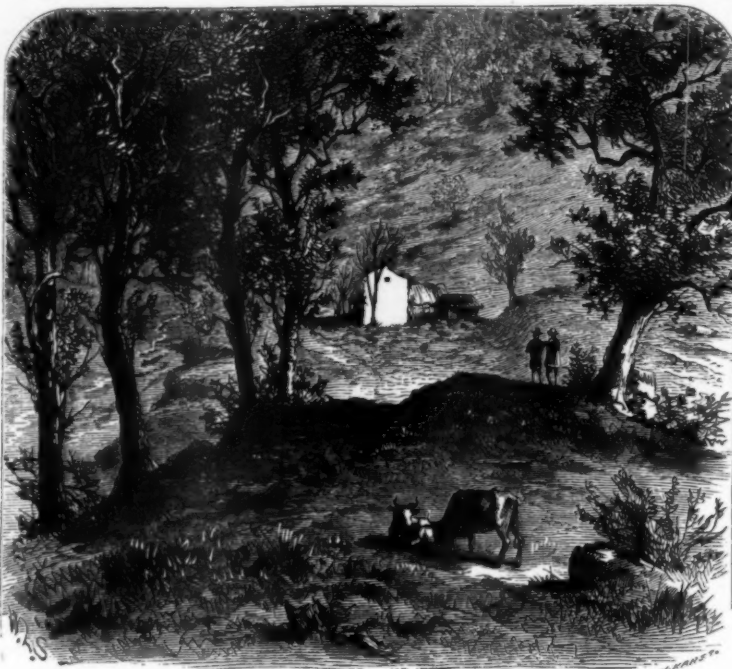
"Did anybody ever try enriching the land hereabouts?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "that is, kinder. Samuels tried it one year, buyin' manure for his lands at fifty cents a load; and was agoin' on right slick, when he heerd that some 'er these here Virginny farmers reckoned he was a-gittin' crazy, and was inquiren' fur a lodgin' fur him into the insane asylum, so he jist quit."

It was a long ride to the "Falls Farm" and house of one Snuggy Boys, where we were to put up. The weather had changed, too, and the rain fell mildly now, so that things were becoming perceptibly wetted. The scenery varied but little with the road: like velvety bottoms, with their borders of button-woods, willows, and buckthorns, alternated with rounded, wood-capped hills, similar to those nearer Barboursville.

Here and there were log-cabins of more or less pretension—some were painted white, and higher than the usual single story. On the river, in one place, was a flat-boat filled with tan-bark—we estimated its worth by the cord, at the current price, which brought it to near three hundred dollars' worth. Here, too, we saw the first valuable big trees—tulip, poplars, and white-oak, but they were nothing to those we saw afterward in the forest back from the river. Once I was startled by a big bird, who flew up from the roadside, with a loud buzz of the wings and a rattling scream.

"A black woodpecker," said my orni-



FIRST BATTLE-GROUND OF THE WAR.



A SUFFERER BY THE WAR.



THE BIG WOODPECKER.

thological friend; "there he is on that dead tree; he is a splendid bird! Look at that red crest of his!"

"All right," said I; "only I don't see the use of his making such a fuss and startling a fellow so."

"You don't have these big woodpeckers in your Northern woods," said my friend, sincerely.

"No, we don't want 'em," said I, in reply.

When we had ridden for some time in silence, my friend asked, in a weary tone:

"Do you think it is much farther? I don't mind owning up that this is most too much of a ride for me the first day."

"It seems to me," responded I, "that we ought to be nearly at our journey's end; and now that you mention it in such a feeling tone of voice, I think I am beginning to be a little used up myself."

Tired men do not talk much, and we two were no exception to the general rule, as we walked our horses or slowly jogged onward over the peaceful road, which knew, no doubt, so many stories of the distresses and lawlessness of the late contest. To speak as an Englishman, we were regularly "knocked up" when we arrived at the unmistakable domicile of Mr. Snuggy Boys—unmistakable by reason of the excellent paling fence surrounding his farm-yard.

Mr. Snuggy Boys was "glad to see the strangers." All these West-Virginians are most hospitable. He asked us to come in, and bring our saddles and saddle-bags, at the same time sending our horses to the stable by his boys, which is considered to be an extraordinary mark of attention and courtesy in that country. His family consists of Mrs., Miss, and many younger Boys—Miss Boys being remarkable for possessing a rotundity of figure, which may be taken as proof positive of the nutritious qualities of the cornbread and bacon which form the staple food of the country. A small brother, John, may also be said to be remarkable in his way, possessing a convenient voice, which becomes husky, as if from a terrible cold on the instant when its owner is requested to exert himself in any way. Next morning a conversation something like this was overheard between the boy and his paternal ancestor:

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"John, why in thunder didn't you git up and feed them gentlemen's horses afore this time?"

John (very husky): "I reckoned as yer'd telled Roddy ter dew it, pop—you're allers a puttin' every thing onter me."

"Well, come git on yer boots, and hurry up, right smart."

"I hain't got no boots."

"Where is yer boots?"

"I hain't got no boots, I tell yer."

"Ain't got no boots?"

What's cum er them boots—lost 'em in the river, I reckon? Hain't yer?"

Sobs from John.

"John," says Snuggy, "John, draw dat yer coat, I see a goin' ter whop yer."

Muffled cries from John, who forgets his huskiness, and the sounds of rapidly-handled palings, are heard for a short space, until we become intercessors, and beg off the young rascal.

"Where to, to-day?" asked our host, as soon as breakfast was over.

"Let us go up and see the mines," say I.

So we go up and see the mines, and Mr. Boys volunteers his services as a guide to the great mine, four or five miles up the river.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MISS INGLESBY'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Thursday at last arrived, it brought quite an assemblage of guests into Mrs. Reynolds's drawing-room. Northorpe was not only a flourishing place, but it was also an extremely fashionable place, and, as has been said before, of all the fashion in Northorpe Mrs. Reynolds was the acknowledged leader. It cannot be saying too much to hazard the assertion that, on the Thursday in question, this lady was a very happy woman. She was not only giving a dinner, such as no one in Northorpe besides herself could give, but she had secured for this dinner the persons of all others concerning whom Northorpe was most full of curious speculation. Then, the beautiful Mrs. Inglesby would also make her first appearance in public on this occasion; and, if Mrs. Reynolds had been a euchre-player, she would certainly have said that, if Mr. Devereux was her right bower, Mrs. Inglesby was her left.



SOME OF MR. BOYS'S FAMILY.

The gentleman was the first on the field of action, and was made warmly welcome by Mrs. Reynolds. When he was presented to the assembled guests, they all expressed their pleasure in extremely flattering terms; but they all acknowledged to themselves that Mr. Devereux was by no means so distinguished in appearance as they had been induced to expect—why, it is hard to say—that he would be. It is true that he was tall, and that he had a well-built figure—two trump-cards in the popular estimation of good looks—but his manners were reserved in the extreme, and his face was of that excessive fairness which, blotting out all tints, leaves only the beauty of feature and expression. In this case, the features were very indifferent, and the expression, like the manner, very reserved. A physiognomist, looking at the face, might have seen that it would light up well, that the gray eyes would grow luminous under excitement, and the quiet mouth break into pleasant smiles. But people in general thought the countenance dull as well as plain; and, if its owner had not been a person of importance, would not have hesitated to express this opinion. He gave them good opportunity to scrutinize his appearance; for, instead of devoting himself to the entertainment of some of the ladies who were momentarily growing more numerous, he kept his place by Mrs. Reynolds's chair, leaning against one corner of the mantel, eying the gay company with the gaze of a contemplative recluse, and looking, as more than one young lady de-

clared, "the very picture of a diffident man."

Suddenly, however, there arose a diversion—suddenly, for a moment, even Mr. Devereux was forgotten. At the door there was a stir, in the room there fell a pause, and while everybody was gazing eagerly around, Rose Inglesby and her stately sister-in-law swept up the long drawing-room.

Mrs. Reynolds met them half-way with great *empressment*, and, while her greetings were made, a whisper of irrepressible admiration was passing from group to group. "Is she not superb?" "How dazling she looks to-night!" "That is my idea of a beautiful woman!" "What graceful manners!" etc., etc.—men and women rivalling each other in open, honest praise. For once, nobody even noticed Rose. Pretty as she was looking, charmingly as she was dressed, the belle of Northorpe obtained scarcely a glance in the scene of her own triumphs and in the midst of her own vassals. No eye left Mrs. Inglesby to dwell on the dainty, blue-robed girl beside her. "Rose looks very nicely," was all

that people said; and they only said that after a time, with a start of recollection.

If Mr. Devereux made only a questionable success, Mrs. Inglesby created a sensation. Mrs. Reynolds was fairly besieged for introductions; and before long the young widow's gracious manners had completed what her beauty had begun. Every woman in the room was charmed, and every man was at her feet. The finishing touch to this success was given when the duty of taking her in to dinner devolved on Mr. Devereux; and, having thus safely paired off her lions, Mrs. Reynolds felt the ease and repose of a well-satisfied conscience.

At first Alice fell into the common error of taking Mr. Devereux's quietness for stupidity, and pitching the tone of her conversation accordingly. But she was too clever a woman not to learn better than this from his first remark, and in a few minutes she had drawn him out sufficiently to see that his reserve was not unconquerable, nor his quietness of that troublesome kind which degenerates into heaviness. He was a cultivated man himself, but it had been his misfortune to know very little of the society of cultivated people; so, a woman who was young and beautiful, with sense enough to meet him on his own ground, and lightness enough to lend grace to the dullest themes, was a phenomenon to which he bowed at once. Before dinner was over, Rose saw how matters were drifting. And, though she had angrily repelled the idea of attracting Mr. Devereux,

and had even gone so far as to declare that she would have nothing whatever to say to him, she felt a throb of genuine disappointment that she was not to have the opportunity of showing that she did not care for the attentions of this desirable cavalier.

Before the evening was over, everybody saw that Mr. Devereux was quite captivated by the beautiful widow. He did not absolutely spend the whole time at her side; but, whenever he was with anybody else, he relapsed into his usual reserve and silence, proving such a very unsatisfactory companion that several young ladies were reduced to the verge of despair by a total exhaustion of their conversational ideas. It was only when he was again under the influence of Mrs. Inglesby, that he revived and became once more a genial and pleasant companion. Of course there was but one explanation for a state of affairs like this; and that explanation the company in Mrs. Reynolds's drawing-room were not slow to give. "Your handsome sister-in-law has accomplished what all the young ladies in Northorpe promised themselves the pleasure of doing," said an old lady to Rose; and Rose made the most foolish speech in the world when she answered: "I beg you will make one exception when you speak of the young ladies of Northorpe, Mrs. Holmes. I have neither promised myself the pleasure, nor felt any desire to attract Mr. Devereux." "Oh, my dear, you can't suppose that I was thinking of you," said Mrs. Holmes, apologetically. And in truth she had not been thinking of Rose at all, knowing that she was an heiress, and therefore quite able to please herself in a matrimonial way. But, after this speech, her eyes were suddenly opened. Soon everybody in the room knew that "Rose Inglesby was ready to bite off her sister-in-law's head because she had secured Mr. Devereux."

Great was Mrs. Inglesby's dismay when she heard how matters had gone on that momentous evening. Too late she recognized her own folly, too late she felt that she would have given any thing to undo her own work. It is the highest compliment to the good lady's simplicity to say that such a fear as this had never entered her head. Rose, in her eyes, was invincible, and she had boldly thrown Rose in juxtaposition with a woman whom any ordinary mother would have avoided as men avoid the plague—a woman of beauty so remarkable, of attractions so great, that no girl could safely have encountered her as a rival. When Rose made her malicious report of how the fortunes of the night had gone, Mrs. Inglesby could freely have choked herself, if choking herself would at all have mended matters. But, as that was out of the question, she could only think, "Perhaps he will change his mind when he sees Rose by daylight."

The fallacy of this hope was soon demonstrated. Two days later, Mr. Devereux called—supported by the liberal aid and countenance of Mrs. Reynolds—saw Rose by daylight, and barely said six commonplace, civil words to her. It is impossible to be very devoted in the course of a ceremonious morning call; but, as much as was possible, he devoted himself to Alice. His eyes followed

her, his whole attention was engrossed by her; and, when he left, Mrs. Inglesby was justified in her despairing thought—"It is all over. That dreadful Kennon is inevitable."

A week passed; another week followed, and still the dreadful Kennon had not made his appearance. Some people smiled, and said he would not come back at all, that he had no desire to see his cousin basking in the prosperity which might have been his own, and that he had quietly taken himself off the scene. Others thought differently; and among the latter was Miss Inglesby. Rose kept her opinion to herself; but, in her own mind, she was firmly persuaded that Kennon would return. That fund of vanity, which often stands a woman in good stead, assured her that he would come back, if only for the farewell that had not been said, for the last words that had not been spoken. "He might leave Northorpe in this ungracious way, but he never would leave me," she thought, considering the while what a pleasure it would be to show him that she at least did not court Mr. Devereux's society, nor desire his attentions. True, it would be several degrees better if she could show him that these attentions had been at her command, and that she had declined them; but, since this was impossible, she was fain to console herself with the thought that it was at least the more dignified position never to have received them—never, as she flattered herself, to have appeared conscious of Mr. Devereux's existence.

This dignified pose, however, became rather trying and awkward, as time went on, and, the ice having once been broken, Mr. Devereux found his way very frequently into the Inglesby circle. At first he came like every other visitor, in orthodox and formal fashion, through the front-door; but before long he discovered that a short cut through the garden was much more convenient, and that it was very pleasant indeed to drop into a sort of *ami de la maison* place in the bowery drawing-room, full of the scent of roses, the graceful presence of women, music now and then, bright smiles and social ease always. Despite her bitter disappointment, Mrs. Inglesby could not help liking the young man. He was so quiet, so unobtrusive, so thoroughly refined, so genial, when he once fairly thawed. "Oh, if he would only fall in love with Rose!" she said to her husband. But, provokingly enough, the colonel seemed excellently well satisfied with matters as they were.

"He's a trifle too grave and dignified for a butterfly like Rose," he said. "I think he shows his sense and his taste in choosing Alice. She's a grand creature, and, by George! any man might be proud to win her. There is nothing I should like better than to see her settled with us for life—just over the way, in that fine old Devereux house, too!"

"The house where I have always hoped to see Rose!" said Mrs. Inglesby, in a tone of exasperation.

It was trying to the poor woman, beyond doubt—and the more trying because she had no sympathy from anybody, unless, indeed (as she often imagined), there was sympathy

in Alice's large, golden-brown eyes. Mr. Devereux's devotion to the fair, young widow became, in a short time, exceedingly manifest, but it was impossible for the most carping tongue in Northorpe to say that she "encouraged" him. Neither did she repel his attentions. The gentle stateliness, the absolutely perfect courtesy of her manner, was the same to him as to every one else—a trifle warmer, perhaps, because of the familiar position which he had gained, and also because she liked him sincerely.

Rose, on her part, could not help feeling a little sore about the unconscious yet most successful rivalry of her sister-in-law. Everybody in Northorpe was raving over "that beautiful Mrs. Inglesby," and Rose would not have been human if she had not felt that it was a little hard. Her own friends, her own admirers, her own vassals, were offering their incense at another shrine before her very face. "I can't see why a woman should not be satisfied with having had one husband!" thought the girl, resentfully, as she watched some of these scenes of homage. "I think widows ought to shut themselves up in convents, or spend their lives doing good to the poor, instead of looking ravishingly lovely in black silk and white crape, and Marie-Stuart caps, to—turn silly people's heads!"

It was a matter of satisfaction during this time that Kennon did not swell the number of these silly people. Often when Rose was worn out with the manner in which everybody chanted the praises of her sister-in-law, there was a very great and sensible satisfaction in recalling those bitter words concerning widows which Kennon had spoken when she saw him last. As was said at the time, the girl was not enough of a woman of the world to suspect what might underlie this bitterness. She only smiled to herself as she thought there was no fear that *he* would ever swell the new beauty's train! She might ensnare the rich cousin, but the poor one could be trusted to withstand her fascinations.

It was about this time that Mr. Devereux came to Mrs. Inglesby one day and asked if she would be kind enough to do the honors of an entertainment which he had thoughts of giving. "It is not a pleasant thing to do," he said; "but I have been very hospitably received in Northorpe, and a return is only courteous. Besides, since I intend to live here, I—perhaps I should begin to cultivate society a little." Mrs. Inglesby agreed that this was entirely right, and, smothering a sigh, asked what kind of entertainment he wished to give.

"I leave all that to you," said he, looking a little puzzled; "but I thought of a dinner, and a—dance, perhaps, in the evening."

"That is just the thing," said Mrs. Inglesby; "but you must not ask me to do the honors of the occasion. You must go to Mrs. Reynolds. She would be mortally offended if you did not ask her; and she has so much taste that if you give her *carte blanche*, she will arrange something very charming for you."

"But I would rather you managed the affair," said the young man, simply. She shook her head, laughing.

"I have too much regard for your inter-

est to do it," she said. "I could arrange the domestic part of your entertainment—and I will give you any assistance in my power—but, for the social part, you need somebody like Mrs. Reynolds."

"Won't you plead for me?" said he, turning to Alice and Rose. "Mrs. Reynolds will simply extinguish me."

But he found that there was no appeal. Everybody decided against him, and said that Mrs. Reynolds was the only person for the occasion; so, he was forced to submit, and, with great grace he could muster, go and lay his petition before that social sovereign.

It was very graciously received and granted. All was grist, in the social way, that came to Mrs. Reynolds's mill; and soon Northorpe rang with the anticipated *fête*, and the splendor of the preparations which were in progress at the Devereux house. For the space of an entire fortnight every thing within the staid old mansion was turned upside down in the most complete and exasperating manner. Sounds of hammering resounded all over the neighborhood. Curtains, carpets, furniture, all were renovated and changed. Having obtained entrance into the house, Mrs. Reynolds found it delightful to give her taste (which was certainly excellent, though rather extravagant) full rein for once. Partitions were knocked down, and partitions were put up—the quiet old rooms scarcely knew themselves in their bright, new guise.

As for Devereux, having called down the infliction upon his own head, he felt that there was no hope of redress, no refuge but submission. He might, however, have ignominiously fled, or ended his existence with prussic acid, if he had not possessed the quiet retreat of the Inglesby house, and the Inglesby garden. But, coming over in the dewy softness of the summer evening, and pacing by Alice's side up and down the green paths, with the fragrant roses blooming all around, the stars faintly gleaming into sight, and a mocking-bird singing a sweet love-song in the jasmine-hedge, he could almost forget his troubles, he could regard carpenters and upholsterers without enmity, he could even cover with the mantle of Christian charity the whole race of "society-leaders."

When at last the day of trial came, he girded himself up like a soldier going to battle, and really acquitted himself so well that he surprised everybody. Alice, in especial, was charmed with his bearing—its quiet dignity and graceful courtesy.

"You don't know what credit you have done yourself," she said to him with a smile, when he came to her after dinner.

"You don't know what agonies of shyness I have endured," he answered.

"And conquered," she added, with a glance of approbation that would have repaid him for any thing.

"You are very good to say so," he replied, gratefully. "But, since duty is over, pleasure ought to follow. Will you let me name my reward, and—give it to me?"

"You are at liberty to name it, of course; but how can I give it to you?"

She looked at him so kindly as she uttered the last words, that he did not lapse

into the diffidence with which a cold or a flippant reply would assuredly have overwhelmed him.

"I have a friend who is an artist at Dusseldorf," he said, "and by my request he sent me several paintings, which I have received within the last few days. They all have great merit; but one, in especial, I should like to show you. It is an exquisite bit of Thuringian landscape. I have hung it in the library for the present. If you would come and let me show it to you—"

"So it is a pleasure you mean to give me," she said. "I thought it was to be the other way. But, of course, I shall be very glad to come."

By special stipulation, the library had not been included in the transformation which the rest of the house had undergone. About it, therefore, still hung the mellow aroma of age. It looked very inviting when they entered—with its books and pictures, and white busts gleaming in the shaded lamplight. The windows were all set wide open to the soft summer night, while the fragrance of roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle, was wafted in on the night breeze, and seemed to fill every corner of the room.

Removing the shade from one of the lamps, Devereux held it up so that she could see the picture of which he had spoken. She had no special prepossession toward art, but her culture had been too thorough for her not to cordially recognize and fully appreciate excellence in this respect. She praised the picture—which was truly worth praising—as much as he could possibly have desired. Then she began to look about the room. Some of its old family portraits elicited her admiration—in the very old time, family portraits were not *always* daubs—and then she began to examine various French and German engravings hung here and there in nooks and corners.

"So this is where you write!" said she, pausing before a table upon which signs of literary occupation were to be seen. "What a pleasant place for authorship—at leisure! You ought to be a poet, Mr. Devereux, sitting in this charming old library, with a rose-garden under your window, and a view of lovely scenery beyond! But what is this hanging over your table?"

"Only an engraving I found among my things the other day," answered he. "I hung it here because I thought—or I fancied—that the feminine figure resembled yourself."

"Indeed!" said she, smiling. "In that case, I must see it more closely."

He held the light for her, and she saw that it was a scene such as some of the minor English artists are rather fond of painting. Even in the engraving, it showed considerable art and skill. A fair, stately woman dressed in widow's weeds—a woman whose general appearance was so like her own, that the resemblance was patent even to herself—stood in a church-yard by a large white marble cross that marked the head of a freshly-made grave. It was evident that she had just arisen from her knees, for the grass was bent down all around her, but the proud, expressive dignity of her attitude was match-

less, though there was a certain pathos on the lines of the steadfast face. A strong contrast was made by the figure at the other end of the grave—a slender, handsome man, who stood with folded arms fixing on her a glance of fierce passion and fierce disdain. The background of the picture framed these figures admirably. There were green yews drooping over an old Gothic church, quiet graves and crosses hung with wreaths of immortelles.

"It is a good picture, and, I should think, well painted," said Alice, at last; "but I don't like the subject. There is something repulsive about a love-scene in a grave-yard."

"Do you call *that* a love-scene?" asked Devereux, in surprise. "I should call it any thing else. It is evident that he is an old lover whom the lady had forgotten or rejected; but it is also evident that he has come not to sue, but to upbraid. See, however, the magnificent repose and dignity of her whole face and manner! That is what reminds me so much of you."

"You flatter me," she said, smiling. But she moved away from the picture, as if she did not like to look at it.

"Take my advice," she said, after a minute. "Hang this exquisite head of St. John over your writing-table, instead of that scene which leaves one in doubt who was right or who was wrong, and gives no clew to the result of the dramatic situation."

"Uncertainty is not always the worst evil," said he, half sadly. "There are many others much worse. Sometimes certainty is one of them."

She answered nothing, but moved on a little farther, and paused before one of the open windows, gazing out on the fragrant stillness of the summer night. She looked like a fair dream-lady in her sweeping white dress, yet her pulses were beating very quickly, and the atmosphere about her seemed full of a certain thrill. She knew that a word—nay, a glance—would bring upon her the issue which she had fully expected to meet that night. But, somehow, this picture had unnerved her, and she could not resolve to meet it. Old memories came back with strange force. Something in the dark, scornful face of the man at the foot of the grave—something of expression, not of feature—had awakened much which she had thought long since dead. For once her usual stately self-control did not come at her call. Devereux, for his part, felt chilled by her sudden silence and reserve. His heart sank—he feared more than he hoped. He hesitated—doubted—asked himself if he had not better wait.

They were still standing apart in this way when a whist-quartet came in, and the opportunity was lost.

CHAPTER IV.

"If there is a bore in this world greater than the bore of going to see 'views,' I don't know what it is!" said Rose Inglesby, as she sat at the breakfast-table in her riding-habit, eating her muffins and drinking her

coffee with the air of a martyr. "I hate scenery!" the young heretic went on viciously, "and of all kinds of scenery I think I hate cascades most. There is no end to the shoes I have worn out over those abominable rocks—you need not laugh, papa! You really haven't an idea what it is to be made a victim in this way."

"My dear child, why don't you stay at home, then?" asked Mrs. Inglesby, mildly.

"That is just like you, mamma," said her daughter, hopelessly. "If I did stay at home, you would be the first to say that it was awfully uncivil to let Alice go alone, especially since the party was made up for her. I fancy she is nearly as much bored as I am, only she takes good care not to say so."

"It isn't everybody who is as blind to the beauties of Nature as you are, Rosie," said her father. "I've no doubt Alice will enjoy the cascade very much."

"Well, perhaps she may," returned Rose the skeptical. "I forget that she is going in Mr. Devereux's new dog-cart, with Mr. Devereux himself to talk 'the sublime, the heroic, and Mr. Carlyle,' all the way. These things may season the cascade for her. Not possessing them, they naturally don't season it for me."

"Mr. Anson is very pleasant, Rose," said Mrs. Inglesby, in deprecating support of the gentleman who was to have the honor of riding at Miss Inglesby's bridle-rein.

"He was pleasant six months back," said Rose, coolly; "but I exhausted him long ago—most men are not good for more than three months—and he tires me to death now. Oh, dear!"

This apparently rather irrelevant sigh was addressed to the memory of Kennon. "If he were only here!" Rose thought. In that case it is probable that her martyr excursion would have worn a very different seeming.

Mrs. Henry Inglesby entered just here, and her appearance ended the conversation. She was dressed in driving-costume, and displayed a pair of wonderfully strong boots for the colonel's admiration.

"They have told me so many frightful things about the rocks," she said, "that I have shod myself as if for an Alpine ascent. I am afraid I am late. Rose, isn't it nearly time to start?"

"Indeed, I don't know," said Rose. "I only wish I had been there and was safely back again."

It may be well to premise that the excursion which Miss Inglesby regarded with so much discontent was one that no stranger visiting Northorpe was ever suffered to neglect—to wit, a visit to a certain famous cascade near the town. On the present occasion the excursion was to take the form of that most tiresome of all social amusements—a picnic. At the Devereux entertainment the plan had been mooted. Mrs. Reynolds, who was the most obliging of social purveyors, said at once that she would chaperon any party desirous of visiting the falls; and a party was forthwith arranged. Of course, Mr. Devereux placed his equipage at Mrs. Inglesby's command; and when this attention was gracefully accepted, Northorpe, of course,

nodded its head more sagely than ever, and said, "What a suitable match it will be!"

It is one thing to drive with a man, however, and quite another to marry him. Mrs. Inglesby found the first very pleasant as she bowled along in the early freshness of the bright, summer morning; but perhaps it was because she had not quite made up her mind with regard to the second that she kept the conversation steadily on the smooth ground of ordinary subjects. Those topics which Rose included under the general, or rather vague, head of "the sublime, the heroic, and Mr. Carlyle," served very well for the five or six miles of moderately good road traversed before they reached their destination.

"I believe we must alight here," said Mr. Devereux, drawing up his horses on the summit of a hill, where the road they had been following suddenly came to an end in the midst of some woods. "You see the equestrians have dismounted," he went on, pointing to several horses fastened under the trees, "and the best thing we can do is to follow their example. Now"—after they had alighted—"shall we make the descent?"

"Had we not better wait for Mrs. Reynolds?" said Alice, who felt indolent and ready to stay where she was, at least for a time.

"The others have not waited for us," said her companion, in reply to this; "and it is a case of every man for himself in the matter of descent. Mrs. Reynolds has three or four people with her; but, if even she were alone, I am sure I could not render assistance to any one beside yourself."

"Wait and see if I need it," said Alice, smiling. "I am trained in the matter of mountain-climbing—and the only time I ever absolutely needed help was in ascending Mont Blanc. That was terrible! Is this the way we go? Then lead on, and let me see if I cannot dispense with the assistance of which you speak."

"You surely will not be so unkind as to deprive me of the pleasure of rendering it," said he, with a great deal of seriousness in his eyes, despite the jest in his voice.

"I will make no rash resolutions," she answered. "Lead on, and let me see."

Without another word, he obeyed, leading the way along a narrow path, and, after a moment, down an almost precipitate hill-side. The way was very winding, so winding that it was hardly possible to see more than a step in advance, and Alice soon found herself slipping and sliding from one steep rock to another, with the least possible amount of personal volition, and the least possible idea where she was going next. Before very long, she came to a halt.

"I think you will have to help me over this place, Mr. Devereux," she said, in a hesitating voice.

And Mr. Devereux, who had been listening with painful intensity for this sound, turned in an instant.

"I thought you would find it very rough," he said, as if apologizing for the roughness. Then, with a thrill of pleasure, he took the small, gloved hand outstretched to him, and carefully assisted her along the descent, which momentarily became more difficult.

"Surely we must be nearly down, now," she said, at last; and, as she spoke, they made a sudden turn, stumbled over some sharp rocks for about twenty feet farther, and then found themselves on smooth ground, with the cascade before them.

Now, there can be no doubt that there are many cascades far more beautiful than this which was the pride and boast of Northorpe. Still it was beautiful enough to warrant a considerable amount of enthusiasm from enthusiastic people, and beautiful enough to startle Alice Inglesby into silent admiration when she came upon it thus. She had not expected much, and it was with a feeling of surprise that she found herself quite taken by storm. Looking round, she saw that they were in a deep gorge between the hills, or rather in a sort of basin, which at one end opened into a ravine. On the opposite side to where they stood rose a stately hill, crowned to the summit with foliage almost tropical in its luxuriance; on the other, a frowning cliff of dark gray rock leaned far over, and threw its deep shadow down below. This cliff extended round in circular shape, and where it met the green hill already mentioned, a small stream forced its way between enormous moss-covered rocks, and sprang over the precipice, sending up a shower of spray and foam, and spreading out at the bottom into a glossy pool that lay like a sheet of crystal at Alice's feet. As it glided away down the ravine, falling in miniature cascades at every step, the same stream filled the solitude with the fitful monotone of its voice, like a poem of Nature's own singing.

After a long silence, Mrs. Inglesby turned to her companion. "We are poorly off for adjectives," she said, "or else we must use them too freely. 'Beautiful' seems to me a weak word for all this lavish glory; yet what better word does the language afford? Can you suggest one?"

"There are a good many," he answered, "but they are all liable to the same objection. We use them for lesser things, until they lose force, and are unfit to express our admiration of the greater. When you see a green meadow, or a sunny hill-side, or a stretch of shadowy woods, what do you say?"

"Generally, 'How beautiful!' or else, 'How lovely!'"

"Or else, 'How picturesque!' or some times even 'How grand! Well, when you stood on the summit of Mont Blanc, what did you say?"

"You have never stood there, or you would not ask me. I said—nothing."

"And you said nothing here—and I can suggest nothing that is worth saying. We must blame ourselves—not the language. It gives us terms, but I am afraid there is no doubt that we debase them. Unless we say 'Stupendous!' I really think we must hold our peace."

"Let us say 'Stupendous!' then, by all means," answered she, smiling; "and, having said it, let us sit down."

"Stop a moment," said he, as she was about to suit the action to the word, and sit down on a convenient rock near by. "This is such a public place—that is—you know Mrs. Reynolds and her party will be upon us

before long. Let us explore a little, as those who reached here first have done."

She hesitated an instant, then consented, and they moved away. As they skirted the pool, and crossed the stream that was hurrying down the ravine, they caught sight of several of their companions—some making very picturesque effects as they were perched on overhanging rocks, and others climbing, with laborious energy, up the steep, mountain-side.

"We will go over yonder by the cascade," said Devereux. "Are you fond of ferns? I see some beautiful ones growing there on the rocks."

So, over to the cascade they took their way, and led on, partly by Devereux, partly by the ferns, and partly, also, by her own inclination, Alice ascended from point to point of the rocks, until at last she found herself elevated much above her former stand-point, but profiting very little in the way of prospect. The dense undergrowth of the mountain shut in the view on one side; on the other, the whirling rush of the falling water was all that could be seen.

"I hope this is sufficiently secluded for your taste," said she, looking up at Devereux with an air of resignation. "I am very tired—may I sit down now? Thanks—yes, I would like my ferns."

She sat down on a stone, and, leaning back against the massive gray rock, began examining the ferns and lichens which her companion laid in her lap. She had taken off her hat, and laid it beside her, as a receptacle for the selected specimens. Her rich hair caught the sunlight as she bent her head, and exercise had given a very clear and brilliant color to her cheek. Beautiful always, she was almost more than beautiful now; and it was not strange that Devereux held his breath as he stood looking at her. She did not notice the gaze, partly because it was her policy to ignore it, but kept on talking in her light, graceful way about botany in general, and ferns in particular, until at last his continued silence forced itself on her attention. She looked up, then, with a laughing question on her lips; but, despite her self-possession, stopped short. The moment that she met them, his eyes told her that the issue was at hand.

Now, it is not to be supposed that she needed to be told—but she had not expected it just then. She was off her guard, as it were, and a shock is always unpleasant, let it come how it will. She colored vividly—flushing, indeed, to the very roots of her hair—then, as he was about to speak, rose to her feet.

"I think we had better go back," she said, hurriedly. "I am quite rested now."

But Devereux had no mind to let his opportunity slip in this way. There had been nothing premeditated in the matter. The situation had taken him as much by surprise as it had taken her; but it was upon him now, and he meant to seize its advantages. The fever of sudden resolution took possession of him, and, as is the case with a great many quiet men, its very novelty lent it force. He had not meant to speak just now; but her

beauty first unnerved him, and then her strange embarrassment lent him courage. When she rose, he stepped before her.

"No, Mrs. Inglesby," he said, "don't go back now. Stop—at least for a minute. I have something to say to you."

"You can say it down below," answered Alice, suddenly, unaccountably, nervously anxious to get away. "Pray, Mr. Devereux—pray let us go."

"Of course we will, if you desire it," he said; but with such a look of pain on his face that, although he moved aside, she stood still. After all, what folly was this? Why should she act so rashly? Why should she not hear him? She knew, or thought she knew, what answer she intended to give. Why not, therefore, have it over at once? In a second these thoughts flashed through her mind, and, in a second, also, she acted on them.

"Pardon me," she said, looking at him with her own gracious glance and manner. "I did not mean to be rude. I will stay if you wish it."

"Thank you," he answered, hastily. Then he was silent for a moment, looking at the spray of the cascade as it dashed by, and striving to grasp words in which to express the feeling that overmastered him. Words did not come to him readily at any time, but now he seemed to have lost all command of them. As her embarrassment had given him courage, so her self-possession robbed him of it. He hesitated so long that, at last, in desperation, he was about to speak, when there came the sound of crackling boughs and twigs, as somebody forced a way through the luxuriant undergrowth, and a distant shout from below was answered by a voice near at hand, saying, "Thanks, yes—I'm looking for Miss Inglesby." The next moment a man's hand and arm appeared over the rock, grasped firmly the bough of a tough shrub, and, with this help, the body to which the arm belonged made an agile spring and lighted at Alice's side. As she drew back, the new-comer gained his feet, and she stood face to face with Lawrence Kennon.

If Mr. Devereux had been questioned half an hour later, it is to be feared that he would have been found to entertain but a confused remembrance of the events of the next few minutes. The appearance of his cousin (whom he thought far away from Northorpe) was surprising enough in itself; but this surprise deepened into amazement when he saw that a recognition instantly took place between Kennon and Alice Inglesby.

"You!" said the former, catching his breath with a gasp, while his face paled, and his eyes dilated almost instantaneously—"you!"

"Yes—it is I," said Alice, quietly; then, after a minute, she held out her hand, saying a little wistfully, "Fate has ordained it, Mr. Kennon. You see I remember that we are old friends."

But, instead of taking her hand, Kennon folded his arms, and recoiled a step.

"There is no question of fate or friendship in the matter," he said, coldly. "This is simply a mistake. I was looking for Miss Inglesby, and I was told that she was here. I see that she is not, so I beg pardon for my

intrusion, and leave you to the *little-d-dittle* which I disturbed."

He shot one dark, resentful glance at Devereux as he said the last words; but the latter was too puzzled to notice it. Indeed, as it chanced, there was nothing in his mind but cordial kindness toward his kinsman, and, if he could have secured a moment's time before complete bewilderment overtook him, he would have liked nothing better than to express this kindness. As it was, he stood still, and said nothing. Not so, Alice, however. She was mistress of the situation by right of her supreme self-command, and, as Kennon turned to go, she laid her hand on his arm. Holding him captive thus, she spoke to Devereux with the same gracious smile that had given him hope when she agreed to stay, ten minutes before.

"Mr. Kennon and I are old friends," she said. "We knew each other long ago, and he is naturally surprised to see me again—to see me here. If you would not mind—if I might ask you to leave us for a little while? He will take me safely down the mountain, I am sure."

Within bounds of civility, a plainer request could hardly have been made. What Devereux replied, or how he got away, he never knew. He went, of course—there was no alternative to that—but he carried a sore heart with him, and it would have been yet sorer, if he could have heard the first words which Alice spoke after he was safely out of ear-shot.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AS DULL AS DITCH-WATER.

"O FLORRY, Florry! what shall I do?" said Alice, as they entered the school-room. "I was just congratulating myself that my Edward could not be mixed up with that Miss Edith Price, and, in fact, I had half made up my mind that she was all a story invented by Lady Sweetapple, and there I see, staring me in my face, a letter in Edward's handwriting to Miss Edith Price. What shall I do?"

"I am sure I can't tell," said Florry. "I am at my wit's end. Only I should say, as they can't both be in love with her and keep such good friends, that they are neither of them in love with her at all. If two people love the same person, my dear, those two hate one another. Just look at me and Lady Sweetapple."

"The worst is," said Alice, "we can't speak about it. Our tongues are tied."

"Yes," said Florry. "Why did we promise?"

"I wonder how she found out about Miss Price?" said Alice.

"I don't wonder at all. It seems quite natural to me that she should find out all the evil she can of others, with her nasty, underhand ways."

We will leave the sisters to themselves in their perplexity, and ask why it was that Ed-

ward Vernon wrote that stupid letter to Edith Price. It was from a very good motive. He thought he would write a few lines to the poor girl, and tell her that of course she had received Harry's check. He was so happy, in fact, in having gained the affections of Alice, that, just before the whole party went out for that walk, when, as we know by the glimpse we caught of the lovers in the beechen dell, he made his final declaration of love and was accepted, so far as it is in the power of young ladies to accept their lovers—just before going out, we say, he sat down and dashed off a few kind lines to Edith, who, he well knew, needed consolation in her trials. So now you know why the letter was written, and see how ill those judge who scrutinize a letter from the outside, and put the worst construction on its contents. Really, the harm done in this world by speculations and conjectures made on the inside of letters by people who only see their covers, is something too serious even to think of.

Very different from the conversation of the sisters was that of Harry and Edward when they met.

"Lazy fellow!" said Harry. "Why didn't you come with us? You would have heard such a lecture on the growing of sugar-beet from Lord Pennyroyal, followed by the absolute denunciation of those who, when they have grown sugar, are wasteful enough to put two lumps of sugar every morning into their cup of tea. To hear him talk, one would think no man's income would stand the drain caused by two lumps of sugar at breakfast in your cup of tea."

"I dare say it was very amusing. Lord Pennyroyal is always either amusing or instructive, which is more than can be said of most people. But I say I was better employed."

"With Alice?" asked Harry.

"Not at all," said Edward. "With Lady Carlton. She made me walk with her the whole way back, and you may fancy what a fright I was in when she began to ask me about my prospects."

"Prospects!" muttered Harry; "she had better have asked you about your intentions. But what did you say?"

"I told her frankly that I had no prospects, and hoped I never should have any. I am too fond of my elder brother to hope that he may break his neck out hunting; and even then, as he has a young family, I should have to pray that they might all be cut off at once by diphtheria, or drowned in a yacht, as I have seen a whole succession of steps to a property destroyed in one hurricane by a writer of fiction."

"And what did she say then?" asked Harry. "For you know, old fellow, that, as to prospects, you and I are pretty well in the same boat."

"Oh," said Edward, "she did not say any thing very positive or definite, but in a general way she hinted that both Sir Thomas and herself had long ago made up their minds that they would never interfere in a matter where their daughters' affections were concerned, provided the objects of their choice were gentlemen born and bred."

"That I call highly satisfactory," said

Harry. "And I suppose, on the strength of this general declaration, you left the mother and proposed to Alice before you got back to the house?"

"Not at all," said Edward; "for, if you must know, I had proposed before we got to the oak where the ladies turned back. I don't know how it was done, but the thought seized me in that dell, and out came the words like the gold and gems out of the mouth of the good child in the fairy tale."

"Upon my word, Ned, you don't let the grass grow under your feet. And, pray, what did that good child Alice say?"

"That I'm not going to tell," said Edward; "but she was as good as gold, and really, after what Lady Carlton said, I think I have some chance with Alice."

"Have you ever thought," said Harry, "what it is to marry so much money?"

"Indeed I have not," said Edward. "I have only thought of marrying Alice. You know I have enough for my own wants, all except my want for Alice, and that is quite apart from a sixpence of her fortune, whatever that may be."

"Whatever that may be!" said Harry.

"Let me see. Let us reflect, as Mr. Sonderling says: from a quarter to half a million, that's what they call the 'figure' of each of Sir Thomas Carlton's daughters."

"You don't say so?" said Edward. "But I can safely say I never thought of her as any thing else than Alice Carlton, the most charming, sympathetic girl of my acquaintance."

"You never reflected on it," said Harry, mockingly.

"Never!" said Edward. "But it's time for five-o'clock tea; we had better go down; and, besides, I long to see Alice."

In the drawing-room all the party were now reassembled—Lord Pennyroyal still full of the duty of every man to grow sugar-beet, and of young women to save money by putting only one lump of sugar into a cup of tea.

"But suppose I like my tea sweet?" said Lady Sweetapple, who was very lively, having, as she thought, sown discord between Florry and Harry, and who cared not a pin for all the sugar-beet in the world, and whether the best sort to sow were "Sutton's Green Silesian" seed, as Lord Pennyroyal protested, if only that crop of dragons' teeth which she had sown between the incipient lovers would only spring up fast and thick—"but suppose I like my tea sweet?"

"You ought not to like it sweet," said Lord Pennyroyal, dictatorially. "Too much sugar is a bad thing. Sugar spoils the teeth and impairs the gastric juice. It makes people fat, and so all ladies ought to be against it; for, of all unbecoming things, I think a fat woman the most. Then it produces divers diseases—diabetes, Bright's disease, and I know not what."

"Would you forbid it altogether?" said Lady Sweetapple.

"No, not at all," said Lord Pennyroyal. "If I did, I should not be so strong an advocate for the cultivation of sugar-beet."

"But I suppose," said Amicia, "the more sugar-beet is grown, the more sugar there will be to consume."

"Precisely so," said Lord Pennyroyal.

"But if with one breath you forbid the consumption of sugar, and with the next advocate the extension of its production, I don't see that you are consistent," said Lady Sweetapple, sarcastically.

"What I desire is moderation," said Lord Pennyroyal.

"But how can you have moderation in consumption and extension in production? If you grow so much sugar as you expect by sugar-beet, of course there will be more sugar in the world. But if, after growing and making the sugar, you forbid people to use it on account of their teeth or their gastric juice, as you say, I must say I don't see the good of growing it."

"When I used the term moderation," said Lord Pennyroyal, "I meant moderation in the household; in my household and yours. Waste is what I deprecate, and waste will be the ruin of England."

"But do you call it waste to put two lumps of sugar in one's tea?" said Amicia, clinching her argument by putting a third into her cup.

"I do," said Lord Pennyroyal; "and I hope the day will never come when any member of my household will put more than one lump into his or her tea."

"That I call domestic tyranny," said Amicia, who certainly had made the best of the argument. "But if that day never comes, I don't really see why you should be so urgent on farmers as to the duty of increasing the production of sugar by growing sugar-beet."

About this time Mr. Sonderling, who had listened with admiration to Lady Sweetapple's argument, and had taken at least four lumps of sugar to his cup of tea, rose to depart.

"I commend myself to you," he said to Lady Carlton.

"Oh, Mr. Sonderling," said Lady Carlton, "we really cannot let you go away unless you promise to come back to dinner. We must have some more singing to-night, and rely on you and Lady Sweetapple."

Mr. Sonderling looked at Amicia, who was literally his keeper, and, in answer to the appeal, she said:

"Oh, dear Mr. Sonderling, I should be so happy if you would sing us some of your charming songs to-night. Some of my sweet old favorites, I mean."

"I will not fail," said the German, with a bow not at all of the Pantouffles school, but which reminded one rather of an affectionate coolie dog wagging his tail.

So away Mr. Sonderling went, carolling and gambolling in an awkward way down the lime avenue, and when he got to his cottage at High Beech, he ordered old Gretchen, his housekeeper, who had followed his fortunes from Marburg, to put out his best suit of evening-dress; in fact, those very wedding-clothes which his mother had sewn for his marriage with Amicia Smeess.

While Amicia was full of sugar-beet and economy, Florry and Alice sat, rather sorrowful, looking at Harry and Edward. There were so many things they wished to say, only they did not at all know how to begin. The result was, that when Edward Vernon came

up to Alice, full of life and love, she received him very coldly, and was altogether so constrained and reserved, that he felt quite abashed. Harry Fortescue, as we know, had not got so far on with Florry; and so when he came and said something to her, Florry was actually cross, and said something about hypocrites and crocodiles, which he could not at all understand; and so it happened that the five-o'clock tea passed off very dully for those four young people. Surveying them from a distance, Amicia could not help seeing that the leaven she had mixed in their meal was beginning to work, and she was glad. "How lucky," she thought, "that that very uninteresting young man, Mr. Vernon, should have written a letter to Miss Edith Price, just as though he wished to support what I said. There can be no doubt she is a very designing, artful person, and when I get Harry away from this house, I must take care to get him out of her clutches. She may have Mr. Vernon, and welcome, if she pleases."

Altogether, the conversation would have been very dull, had not Lady Pennyroyal fluttered Lady Sweetapple not a little by a revelation as astonishing as it was kind.

"Dear Lady Carlton," said Lady Pennyroyal, "what do you think? I have persuaded Lord Pennyroyal to take a house at Ascot for the races."

If she had said she had persuaded Lord Pennyroyal to embark on a crusade against the Patagonians, the announcement could not have been more unexpected to the party in general, or more unpleasant to Lady Sweetapple. But this unpleasantness rather arose out of what followed; for when Lady Carlton answered with a very emphatic "Indeed! That will be delightful," Lady Pennyroyal went on in the same breath:

"Yes; and, do you know, I wish you to let your daughters come to stay with me at Ascot during the race-week."

It was of little use that Lady Carlton protested that she and Sir Thomas did not care for races—their daughters might, if they did not. Nor when Florry and Alice, in their present sulky mood, declared that they thought races the dullest things in the world, did they fare any better than their parents, for Lady Pennyroyal said she must have them with her to keep her company; and even Lord Pennyroyal came forward, and, forgetting his sugar-beet and his parsimony together, said that nothing could give him so much pleasure as to see the sisters under his roof at Ascot.

The end of it was, that in less than five minutes the whole matter was arranged, and it was settled that Florry and Alice were to be Lady Pennyroyal's guests, as she proposed.

"How delightful it will be for you, old fellow!" said Edward. "You know you are already asked, but I don't think it will be so jolly for me during that week. I shall go down to Pump Court and stick to business."

"Don't be a fool," said Harry. "I'll get you an invitation from Lady Charity; see if I don't. The only bore is, that Lady Sweetapple, by her scowling face, does not seem to like Lady Pennyroyal's proposal, and, to

judge from the sisters' looks, they neither of them seem particularly happy."

"There's something the matter," said Edward; "but what it is I cannot tell."

So Lady Sweetapple sat and scowled. To think that Lady Pennyroyal should have spoilt all her plans by such a silly invitation! What did such young chits of girls know about races? And then to think that Harry Fortescue would be sure to meet Florry Carlton every day at least at Ascot. Far better would it have been to have had him all to herself up in London. But she had done it for the best.

As for Florry, she would have been supremely happy, and she was happy, only not so happy as if she had never heard the name of Edith Price. Already she had a morbid feeling about the name, and could not get it out of her head. She saw "Price" and "Edith Price" everywhere.

Nor was Alice at all happy; what was the good of going to Ascot if Edward did not go too? If she went to Ascot, Edward would be left alone in London, and as he knew Edith Price—who, as it will be seen, was fast taking the shape of Helen of Troy in the imagination of the sisters—who could tell if Edith Price would not reverse the part of Paris, and run off with Edward to Greece, or even to the world's end, while she was at Ascot? Yes; she was sure he would be lost to her if she went to Ascot, and she was resolved not to go if she could help it.

So there they all sat, sulking and looking at one another till the dressing-bell rang. In the mean time, Lord Pennyroyal talked indefatigably—agriculture with Sir Thomas; commerce with his cousin Marjoram; the army and the necessity of great reductions with Colonel Barker. Mr. Beeswing and Count Pantouffles were inseparable, as usual, though what such a clever man as Mr. Beeswing, Lady Sweetapple said, could see to please him in that empty-headed count, she really could not tell. But they had many things in common. They belonged to the same club, mixed in the same society, often sat together at the same table, and as the count declared Mr. Beeswing to be the most amusing Englishman he had ever met, so Mr. Beeswing always asserted that Count Pantouffles was the most instructive foreigner he had ever seen in English society. When they were both so satisfied with each other, who shall disturb their good-fellowship? Certainly not we, so we leave them as we find them, the very best friends in the world.

"Thank Heaven," said Harry to Edward, "there's the gong for dressing! I never spent so dull an hour as this since tea."

"Nor I," said Edward. "A cloud of dulness seems spread over the house. Perhaps it will be better after dinner."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Harry. "Ditch-water is bright compared to the gloom of this house just now."

Of course, when Amicia got up-stairs she congratulated herself on the success of her scheme.

"How nicely it was succeeding when that horrid Lady Pennyroyal tried to spoil it by asking these girls to Ascot! However, I must make the best of it. I'm so glad I

took them into my confidence about Edith Price. They are both as fluttered as partridges in snow, and know not which way to turn. In the mean time, Mr. Fortescue's visit will be over, and then—why, then I must fight the battle over again at Ascot. As for Edith Price, I decline to think of her. She is nothing to me."

Mrs. Barker remarked to her husband how kind Lady Pennyroyal was in persuading her husband to take a house at Ascot; and Mrs. Marjoram, at about the very same moment, informed Mr. Marjoram that she wondered his cousin could be such a fool as to let Lady Pennyroyal spend a mint of money in taking a house for such folly and wickedness.

"There are a hundred poor Christian societies which have just had their May meetings, that would have been glad of the money. And then to talk of waste in putting two lumps of sugar into one's tea! It's positively disgusting. I hope it will rain hard all the race-week."

As to Florry and Alice, their sentiments were not so fierce against Lord Pennyroyal. Florry was pleased enough to go, and Alice wasn't; that was about the upshot of the whole story. If it had not been for Edith Price and Lady Sweetapple, they would have been delighted at the certainty in the one case, and the chance in the other, of meeting Harry and Edward at Ascot. But they made the best of it. They took one another into their arms, and kissed each other over and over again. Florry congratulated Alice on her victory over Edward, and Alice was certain that Florry was just as successful with Harry.

"If it wasn't for these ups and downs, dear," said Florry, "life would be too smooth, and we should think it heaven, instead of a vale of tears, as Mr. Rubrick tells us it is, at least once every Sunday."

In due time the gong sounded, and down they all went. It is very hard, no doubt, some sensation-readers will say, that there has not been a single drop of blood shed in this story all through these chapters. This is any thing but one of those transporting dramas of which the play-bills announce, "Come early! Seven murders in the first act!" We quite admit the imputation. We are not fond of blood. We dare say many another writer would have broken Lord Pennyroyal's or Sir Thomas Carlton's neck down that slippery black staircase, up and down which every one of our characters has had to pass every so many times every day. In this way Florry and Alice might have been both heiresses with half a million each, and Harry and Edward might have run off with them the very evening that Sir Thomas fell downstairs and broke his neck, returning, of course, toward the end of the story to make it up with Lady Carlton, and to receive her blessing, after they had broken her heart. She would then have died in peace, and the Carlton property, both personal and real, would have been divided between the young ladies and their lovers. Much in the same way, Lord Pennyroyal might have had his throat cut by Mr. Beeswing's French valet, and this blame might have been cunningly

thrown on old Podager, who might have been tried, convicted, and executed, unless the Frenchman—a thing which Frenchmen seldom do—had repented, and confessed the crime just as the unhappy Mr. Podager was about to be privately hanged in Horsmonger-lane Jail. So, as we have said, Lady Sweetapple might have poisoned her old lover in a cup of coffee, and the blame might have been thrown on Florry Carlton, who might have been actually hanged, while Amicia married Harry, and lived happily till quite the end of the story, when she would have divorced herself from her husband, and confessed her crime—to a priest; the penance imposed being, to marry another husband as fast as she could. But this is a story in which, though we hope there is no lack of incident, there are no great crimes; only the feelings and passions which might produce them, were not our actors restrained by law and the rules of society.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, to find Lady Sweetapple and Florry meeting before dinner as though they were the best of friends, though we all know that Lady Sweetapple would have killed Florry if she could, and that Florry, as she often said, would have been very glad to scratch Amicia's eyes out. And this is just the gain we have in this nineteenth century by living in a civilized land. Crime, as we all know, is almost extinct in the upper classes, whatever vice may be, and it is only the lowest dregs of society who poison their husbands by arsenic, and batter in their skulls with a hammer. Of course—who can doubt it?—we are much better than our forefathers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIVE-TEN.

ONE day, a short time after Miss Flora Hollister had put her modest name into the newspapers in the hope that it would attract the world's attention to the line of goods in which she proposed to deal, she arrived at the depot from which the cars started just as the train was about to move, and stepped on board, thankful that this movement at least did not involve a question. She could see for herself where she was going.

But, when the conductor came around uttering the magic word which exacted attention of full-fares and commuters alike, he looked at her ticket and at herself with a glance as near surprise as it was easy for his official face to exhibit. What Miss Flora perceived in his countenance was something so like commiseration that, struck by the dart of fear in the midst of her self-congratulation, she exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Were you expecting to go to Orleans?" the conductor asked.

"I am," said she, with grammatical satisfaction and emphasis.

"But we go to Bushfield."

"Very well."

"Due west, madam. You want to go on the southern road."

Miss Flora looked at him as though he had spoken in a foreign tongue.

"You have made a mistake," he added. "This is the 5.10 train. The 5.5 left on time."

"I am going to Bushfield, then, whether or no, do you mean?"

The young lady looked at the car-window, and, as she did so, caught a glimpse of the apparently not uninterested lady who sat by her side.

"I am afraid there is no help for it," said the conductor, soothingly, at the same time laying his hand on Flora's shoulder as if to prevent her dashing through the window, or possibly the ventilator. Then he ignored the ticket she was still extending toward him, and walked on.

Miss Flora sat back in her seat and gave herself up to reflections; and perhaps tears stole into her eyes, business-woman though she aspired and assumed to be, as she thought of poor Phil sitting in the green wagon and watching till the last passenger had left the train and the station, and then disconsolately taking his way home without a passenger. To think of the speculations and the fears that would torment the household that night! O Watt! O Fulton! O Stevenson! How feeble you all proved in her emergency! And O Darius Green! How would she have composed an epic in your honor, for Flora had written verses, and had been deemed a poet at No. 17, had you but succeeded in making your flying-machine fly!

The lady who sat next Miss Flora held a book in her hand, which she was reading. Inferring the desperate mood of her companion from the motionless silence into which she had retired as soon as the conductor moved on, she half closed the volume and asked:

"Have you never been to Bushfield?"

"Never," sighed Miss Flora.

"And you have no friends there? Too bad."

"I never heard of the place before."

"That is not so strange; it is quite out of the world. So we, who know all about it, are in the habit of boasting."

The voice of the stranger had sympathy in it, and Miss Flora now remembered that whoso would have friends must show himself friendly.

"Can I telegraph from the place?" she asked.

"To New York you can."

"Not to Orleans?"

"Yes, by the way of New York, probably."

"But that wouldn't do; when can I go back to town?"

"Not before to-morrow afternoon—a milk-train leaves Bushfield at three."

Then said Miss Flora, feeling an urgent necessity of accounting for herself to somebody: "I was detained in spite of myself; and, when I got on this train, I was thankful enough for it to have been the right one."

"Ha!" laughed her companion, "I understand you."

With that she returned to her book, and, if Flora liked, and could do it, she might sit and admire her. Whether she did this or not, she could not well help receiving an impression.

"If ever there was an emancipated wom-

an," she thought, "here is such a one before me."

And, in fact, the woman did look as if she had not a care nor a vanity in this wicked world to trouble her. Her mind was made up, evidently, as to most things that concerned her, or could possibly concern her. She was neither old nor young, nor flurried, nor worried, nor lazy, nor capable of complaint. She sat reading in her corner of the bright-red plush sofa as if she had passed her youth there, and might stay there through her declining years. But, about ten minutes before the train was due at Bushfield, she shut her book, put it into her satchel, began to collect her bundles, and at length, looking across a great roll which she held in her arms, said to Flora:

"I am going to Bushfield to set my house in order. If you will stay with me until you can go back to town, you can be made as comfortable as you would be, perhaps, if out on a picnic that lasted overnight. My house has been shut up all winter, and I have no servant with me."

Miss Harlem—there is no reason why her name should be concealed—had so much of the good Samaritan in her face as she spoke that Flora could not help thanking her for picking her out of the ditch, as it were, and the lady seemed pleased to be taken at her word.

"There is nobody to expect me," she said, as they stood on the platform of the depot for a moment while she twisted her veil around her hat and looked down along the lane-like road which ran on and on, evidently toward the dwelling-places scattered along the hill-side, "so we may as well go at once."

Flora could not have dropped into a greener world or one more still, for the stillness was not broken by the singing of the birds, which filled the budding trees and made vocal the way-side fences.

When, laden like two peddlers, they had walked about a mile, indulging now and then in a bit of speech, Miss Harlem suddenly turned into a still narrower lane, and, rounding a curve in the road, they beheld a small, old house, half hidden by the great apple-trees which, blushing in aged beauty, surrounded it.

"Here we are, all in the month of May," said the guide. "Wait a minute until I let the daylight in."

So she unlocked the door, went in, unfastened the tight wooden shutters, and stepped quickly about with a song in her heart, which now and then presented itself at the door of her mouth. She was evidently at home.

While Miss Flora stood in the rustic porch, looking across the green grass to the lonely, winding road, she felt how much she had yet to learn of real solitude. I wish I could disclose to you that old place, though you are here for quite another purpose; and, indeed, what words could give you the subdued and wondrous coloring of that August twilight—the wide expanse of that glorious sky, gorgeous even with its dying hues—the sound of the long, swaying branches, as they scarcely moved in the zephyrous air—the dense

shadows in the grass—the chirp of little disobedient birds that would sit up late and talk?

In less than an hour water was boiling in the tea-kettle, and they were seated at a tea-table in a square room, which suggested to Miss Flora that possibly she might be in the house of one of Barnum's collectors or manufacturers. Every minute thing that could move on wings seemed to have flown in there to be impaled. There was no end of butterflies—no end of minor insects, and a wilderness of birds. Glass cases protected all these specimens. The room was a library, but the books were the works of Nature. There was no furniture besides, except the table at which they sat and the chairs which supported them. Dividing the six cages of stuffed birds and other preserved creatures were three windows and two doors, and through those windows, between the gnarled branches of those blooming apple-trees—oh, my good reader, would that you and I might see what Miss Flora's eyes beheld!

"The like of this will never happen to me again; I will enjoy it to the full extent," Miss Flora thought, reminding herself in good time that she was a philosopher.

Her hostess perhaps divined her thoughts.

"Shall you be afraid to spend the night in this old house?" she asked. "I am an ancient being, there's no denying it, but I am no witch. These things you see around are my fossil remains."

"If you do not repent having invited me, I congratulate myself," said Miss Flora.

"I ought not to repent, I have plenty of solitude, but that's what I like of all things," answered Miss Harlem, adding one remark to another so quickly and deftly, would that the man-worshipping "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" could have heard her! "If I had not this place to come to once in a while I don't know how I should fare."

Flora wanted just then to ask a question or two; but, as though persuaded that she must hear a good many new and strange things before she went away, she left the questions unasked, and not only so, but before the evening was half spent found herself enlarging eloquently on the difficulties of the work she had undertaken, and looking to her hostess for counsel in a way that seemed to imply that she had gone to Bushfield for the very purpose. It is worth while, we are told, to look under the very stones in our path, for there may lie waiting us the helper we need. Certain it is that toward no point of the compass could Miss Flora have turned her steps that night to such excellent purpose as toward the west, where Miss Harlem and counsel awaited her.

The next morning before she left the snug chamber, which had been the family-room of three generations, as Flora was told and could well believe, she heard her hostess moving about. It was near sunrise, and she was evidently up for all day, and 3 P. M. seemed now so near to Flora that she felt she had no time to lose.

She found Miss Harlem in her library, with the doors of her bookcases open, evidently inspecting her treasures. It was good to look at her by daylight, to see a woman so

active and strong, and so evidently happy in her activity.

She seemed pleased to see Flora so early.

"I had a pleasant feeling when I woke up," she said; "at first I fancied it was because I was at home, but I found, on reflection, it was because you were here; though I have you against your will."

"Since I came on Fortune's invitation," said Flora, "I have reason to be glad; if I never was in luck till yesterday, the tide has turned, and I'm happy."

"And you will be with your friends by sunset."

"But I shall have left my friend behind me," said Flora, with a good deal of genuine emotion.

"I owe you something for what you told me last night," said Miss Harlem. "I am an outcast too—a regular business-woman. I dare say you were never in a place like this before."

"True," said Miss Flora, "never in one so delightful."

"My dear, I believe you. These creatures are my fossil remains, as I told you. If you know any thing about this art of mine, you will be able to tell where I began, and how I have gone on, and will point out the place at which I broke down, and came near to ending a failure."

"Do tell me about it, for I know nothing," said Flora.

"It will bear repeating, and I rather like the story," said Miss Harlem. "I began working at this business ten years ago—well, say fifteen. My grandfather owned this place, and he lived and died here; but I was born in New York, and at sixteen knew as little of the country as it is possible for a girl to know. This little house was always too full to accommodate us city children for longer than a night or two at a time. I made up my mind, when I was quite young, that I must earn my own living; and we had in our library, at home, books of birds and animals which I loved above every thing, and, when I found that I must go to work, I consulted them about it. Father had a case of stuffed birds, which he had prepared and set up himself, and I determined to make what had been his pastime my means of support. What did I know about competition and all that? No more than those Trinidad butterflies. I went to work in my brave, happy ignorance. I bought snipe and quail, prairie-chickens, and squirrels—you shall have your breakfast within fifteen minutes, sit down—" So saying, Miss Harlem disappeared. Within half an hour the two ladies were again seated at the table, breakfast smoking thereon, and one of them was talking again:

"I operated on my treasures, and found a sale for the poor things among my acquaintances, and this encouraged me so much that I prepared a fine lot, as I believed, and sent them, my dear, to the fair of the American Institute."

"Who so proud as I? But when I had gone so far I happened to see another case of birds which made mine look as if every bone in their bodies had been broken—they might have been the carcasses of a lot of felons I had bought up cheap, for all the beholder

could tell. Then I feasted on the bitter bread of humiliated pride.

"One of the newspapers, moreover, contained a report on birds, and noticed my work—to contrast it with that of a noted taxidermist, pointing out the difference between the execution of one who studies Nature at second hand in a parlor, and another who goes to the fountain-head for knowledge. That remark had in it a spark of fire that shrivelled up my earth and heaven. Every thing was swept away in the conflagration except myself, and the conviction that, whoever would deal with the works of Nature, must go to Nature herself and serve an apprenticeship.

"But why hadn't somebody told me this before? Why hadn't I seen that this must be so? Why do we never see so well, my dear, as after we have seen?"

"Here began my real history. I was content the next spring and summer with as little as the birds asked, almost. During the winter following, my friends took my miserable work off my hands, I stipulating that each specimen should be exchanged for a better, so soon as I could do better. So I had money to go into the country again in the spring, and I lived there as Audubon lived among the creatures whose living activity I had set my heart on displaying in their dead forms.

"All this is the work I did in those days. This is the 'awkward squad' I bought back from my patrons. I assure you the work paid—it gave me health, confidence, joy. You must go to work in the same way. What a miserable artisan I must have proved but for that just criticism! I bless the hand that sharpened the tool that attacked me without mercy! But, of course, there was a time when I looked on my great rival as my worst enemy. For two or three years, I suppose, he wasn't out of my thoughts day or night. But the last time I sent to the exhibition"—there Miss Harlem came to a full stop. It was evident that she had approached the climax of her story, and that she could not think upon it without emotion.

"You triumphed, I guess," said Flora, after a moment of waiting.

Miss Harlem smiled.

"He sent for me," she said; "he had orders more than he could begin to fill, and was satisfied that I could do the work as well as he, and that there was no one else in the country who could. So he proposed a business partnership, and I bought back this old place, always famous for its birds."

When Miss Flora went back to town on the 3 P. M. milk-train, she was pondering Miss Harlem's final words, spoken while the train was moving off:

"Yes, the great mistake a woman makes is adopting second-hand means—that's the reason she arrives at second-rate ends, and she has herself to thank for it. Don't you make that mistake. Good-by for twenty-four hours."

To be set right for a lifetime, who wouldn't give five minutes? O Miss Harlem, cannot you be persuaded to accept a diocese?

CAROLINE CHESBRO.

THE EARTH.

WHERE are the fountains of thy youth,
O Earth?

A thousand seasons bring their fruits to birth,
And then dissolve away,
As summer clouds before the dawning day;
And madness, following on the feet of mirth,
Darkens the brief space of our waning life,
Till lo! the beckoning shape, and we are gone;
And the exultant worm
Gloats o'er the ruin of each godlike form.
But thou, serene above all storms and strife,
Still smilest on,
Basking in light from rosy dawn to dawn;
While plague and famine o'er thy bosom pass
As the light breezes o'er the summer grass.
The ages fade, the kingdoms rise and fall—
Thou seest the end of all.
Thy rugged bosom, stronger for its scars,
Throbs with the pulse of elemental wars;
And the shed blood of buried nations warms
Thy all-enfolding arms;
But on thy face, bright with eternal years,
There is no trace of tears.
From hill and vale, from flood and bubbling
fountain,
And many a misty mountain,
Floats the old anthem of primeval praise
We heard in ancient days.
The vocal breezes bear it to the sky
The listening stars reply,
And the wide universe takes up the strain;
The song of strength that triumphs over pain.

HENRY DE WOLFE, JR.

THE CZAR ALEXANDER II.

THE history of Russia melts into tradition when we have traced its lords back to the year 862, at which time Rurik, prince of the Russians, was Duke of Kiev. What a frozen wilderness and chaos of savage turmoil it was in those days, we can imagine, though record thereof there is little or none. The Dukes of Kiev were masters of the nucleus of what is now Russia in Europe, from 862 to 1157, the most notable of them being Vladimir, called the Apostle and Solomon of Russia, and its first Christian sovereign, who reigned in the tenth century. Two centuries later the Dukes of Kiev were metamorphosed into Grand-dukes of Vladimir; in 1328 the title became Grand-dukes of Moscow; in 1533 Ivan, the first czar, called Czar of Muscovy, began to rule; and Peter the Great founded St. Petersburg, and raised the monarchy to an empire, in 1721.

The present Czar and Emperor of all the Russias is descended from Ivan, the elder brother of Peter the Great, through the Empress Anne and Peter III. He is the eldest of the six children of the proud and warlike Nicholas, and was born at St. Petersburg, on the 17th of April, 1818. The line of Russian czars was broken when, on the death of Alexander I., in 1825, his heir and brother Constantine abdicated the throne in favor of Nicholas; but this has been a not

unfrequent incident in Russian history. When the present Alexander was born, his uncle and namesake was on the throne, and his father a simple grand-duke, with but remote prospects of the succession; for Alexander I. was still young and hale of body, and gave promise of living as long as any of the family; and there were yet Constantine and his family, who at that period had no thought of relinquishing their hereditary rights. So young Alexander was brought up with as little ostentation as one born in a palace might be, his most assiduous and constant preceptor being a good, intelligent German mother. It is not doubtful that this dame, who was a sister of the bluff old Kaiser of Germany that now is, instilled many German thoughts and habits of thinking in her eldest boy—teaching him, first of all, the language of her fatherland, and giving him a taste, which has proved lasting, for its rich literature, and a very praiseworthy admiration of its great writers. She was a superior person, this to-be Czarina Feodorowna, a scholar of note, and a lavish patroness of the arts and of letters in her stern, soldierly husband's court. Not content with what German heaven she might herself infuse into Alexander's character, she imported a Herr Professor straight from Berlin—one of the spectacled generals of Prussia, who have lately made themselves so well known—and Professor-General Maerder continued the sedulous Germanizing of the young prince which the fond mother had so well begun.

Meantime, the military father had also his aspirations in regard to his son; himself instructed him in the "manual," and initiated him into the practices of drill, parade, and review. The German professor was succeeded by Jowkouski, then the foremost of living Russian poets, whom the grand-duchess had patronized; and this preceptor gave the final touches to Alexander's education, which was completed, or supposed to be, when he reached his sixteenth birthday. At sixteen, however, he was no longer one of the obscure scions of the imperial house, but hereditary grand-duke, his father Nicholas being now czar. The latter had no idea of leaving his destined successor among his books, or cooped up in libraries with poets, however famous; for Nicholas was little partial to book-men, being always wrapped up in that "manifest destiny" of Russia which the great Peter had first proclaimed. He appointed Alexander his chief-of-staff, and gave him a high command in the army; he made him drill and parade, day after day and year after year; he caused him to be a prominent figure in every great state ceremony and every display of the imperial legions. Alexander is said to have appeared to much advantage on these occasions, for he was tall, broad-shouldered, stately, handsome, with rich brown hair and deep-blue eyes—"the finest-looking prince, excepting his father," says a tourist, who saw him in those days, "in Europe." But he had no opportunity to display the more solid qualities of soldiiership, for Russia was long at peace—a state of things under which Nicholas chafed, it is said, grievously. Probably the czarowitch was less anxious to find himself in "the imminent deadly breach;" for, after

all that his father could do, the young man's disposition was not warlike, and his mild, sober nature was best satisfied with the tranquillity of life at home. Still, the uneasy emperor kept him stirring in military matters in spite of him, giving him charge, at twenty-one, of the military schools, which he was forced to visit in turn at frequent intervals, being nearly always, much to his ill-content, on long tours of weary inspection, and only returning home to participate in the eternal drill and parade of the palace esplanade.

So passed the prince's life until his marriage, and long after; that important event occurring in 1841, when he was twenty-three. The bride on the occasion was Maximiliana, daughter of Louis, Grand-duke of Hesse. She was a beautiful and accomplished princess, and still lends unusual grace to her husband's rather sombre court in the bleak far north. Little was heard of the czarowitch thereafter, until, Nicholas dying with a shattered ambition and a broken heart after the reverses of his forces in the Crimea, he succeeded, in 1855, to the crown.

It was well known in Russia that the new czar's character and tastes were the opposite of those of his father; and for a time there was talk of forcing him to abdicate, and of placing his younger, more energetic, martial, and popular brother, Constantine, on the throne. Constantine had, on one occasion, when admiral, put Alexander under arrest on board a war-ship; and the feud between them lasted up to within a few days of their father's death. Nicholas favored the younger brother, who inherited his own bold and enterprising spirit; but, when he drew near his end, contrary to the hopes of the Old-Russia party, who hoped that he would name Constantine as his successor, he effected a reconciliation, and the brothers have been friends, at least to outward appearance, ever since.

The Czar Alexander, on his accession, soon displayed qualities of which he had been little suspected. He espoused the principles of the liberal party, and set to work vigorously to achieve certain large and most important reforms. Ukase followed ukase, decreeing striking changes in the condition of the empire; the old nobility was fairly startled, but liberal Europe applauded. He had not failed to observe the extravagance and corruption of the imperial officials; and his first work was to clear the Augean stables of the state of their rubbish, and to put the civil administration upon a regular and economical foundation. He next devoted his attention to an improved system of education, releasing the universities from the odious restrictions with which they had been hampered by his predecessor, and which had previously been close corporations at the service of the nobility. As soon as peace was established with the Crimean allies, Alexander reduced the army to the smallest number compatible with the safety of the empire; the financial policy of the state was examined into and improved, and laws decreed to foster the already rapidly-growing commercial interests of the nation. In the second year of his reign he devoted his thoughts to Poland, granted its unfortunate people certain

privileges surprisingly liberal, coming from such a quarter, and decreed a general amnesty in favor of the Polish exiles of 1830. This earnest attempt to reconcile the Poles to Russian rule, however, failed, and the czar soon found himself constrained to once more fasten the rigid Russian despotism which had marked Nicholas's policy upon them. On the 3d day of March, 1861, came the great act of the reign of Alexander II.—the "Emancipation Proclamation" of Russian serfdom—an imperial ukase of that date declaring that, under certain necessary conditions, every serf in Russia was thenceforth forever liberated from his bondage. The czar allowed two years for the lords to arrange the terms with reference to the cession of lands to the freed serfs, and the rent, labor, and amount of purchase-money, by which it was to be paid for. This was the heaviest blow which the "Old-Russia" or "manifest-destiny" party has ever received at the hands of the emperor; it ranged nearly the whole body of the nobility against him, and did more to enhance the immediate and substantial prosperity of Russia than any other act of his reign. It is perhaps useless to inquire into the motives which inspired Alexander to take a step so bold and so unexpected. His partisans claim it as the inspiration of a high moral sense, which revolted from the presence of a practical slavery throughout his dominions; while his enemies declare it to have been a desperate measure intended to paralyze the Old-Russia party, and, in default of the support of the nobility, to bring a new and popular support to his sceptre. Whatever the motive, the result was nothing less than marvellous. For the first time, Russia felt the existence and force of public opinion; the press sprung into new and vigorous life; and, side by side with this moral prosperity, commerce grew and flourished as it had never done before.

Three years later, the czar, well satisfied with the success of his courageous policy, issued a ukase decreeing emancipation also in favor of the Polish serfs; the object of this being, it is surmised, to weaken the influence of the Polish nobility by raising up an antagonistic popular force against them. It was a sore blow, indeed, to these haughty landed Polish gentlemen; for, as they derived their influence mostly from the vast tracts of land of which they were possessors and upon which they maintained in some cases more than a thousand serfs to an estate, and as they used this influence to continually foment resistance to Russian authority, the practical sequestration of their domains by giving them up to the serfs effectually checkmated them, so that we have heard very little of Polish insurrections since.

Next to the emancipation of the serfs and the large improvements in the national system of education, the emperor deserves commendation for a great political measure which soon followed these other reforms. Lord Lytton once said, in a speech on reform in the House of Commons, that "a reform is a correction of abuses, a revolution is a transfer of power." In this sense, the Czar Alexander has verily been a revolutionist; he has even inaugurated a revolutionary policy

against the despotic authority of his own crown. In 1865 he instituted *elective representative assemblies* in his provinces—Russians actually going to the polls and voting; choosing legislators to make local laws for them; and beginning thus to perceive, at the instigation of the czar himself, that they are, and are to be, really something more than automata moved by wires radiating from the Winter Palace. Already this measure, and the results it is seen to have had in politically regenerating the Russian people, are ripening a project for a national legislative assembly; and ere long, doubtless, we shall hear of such a body, meeting in the city founded by the arch-despot Peter, and respectfully addressed by "a speech from the throne," from Peter's very eccentric successor.

One effect has followed from the czar's reforms which he probably did not anticipate. The creation of a Russian public opinion has resulted in so large an accession to the Old-Russia party, on which side this public opinion has predominantly ranged itself, that Alexander himself has been obliged to yield somewhat to its dictates. The able leadership of the Grand-duke Constantine, who is aided by no less a personage than the hereditary grand-duke, Alexander's son and heir (who "hates the Germans," and is resolved on the possession of Constantinople), has managed to combine in his ranks the greater part of the nobility, the army, and the people. In spite of his own preferences, the czar has been compelled to increase his army, to build fortifications, to construct railways for military purposes, and to assume the belligerent attitude before Europe which was the salient characteristic of the later years of the reign of Nicholas. He has been constrained to encourage the cry of "On to Constantinople!" and once more, in the reign of a sovereign naturally peaceful and timid, Russia avows, with little disguise, a resumption of her designs south of the Euxine. His great measure of emancipation, as a political move, has failed; while his concession of representative assemblies and a comparatively free press has only strengthened his former antagonists.

In person, Alexander II. is handsome, of noble presence, stalwart in form, with regular features, thick, brown hair and whiskers, and large, deep-blue eyes. The expression of his face is serious, often even sombre; it is well known that he is subject to long periods of the gloomiest melancholy, and that he is constantly haunted by the fear of assassination. Several attempts have been made upon his life, two of which—one in the streets of St. Petersburg, and one in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, in 1867—came very near being successful. His nature is soft, polished, retiring; his manner quiet, simple, and sedate. At home he lives almost the life of an anchorite, seldom appearing at the court galas, except when etiquette, which is all-despotic at St. Petersburg, requires his presence, and much preferring the solitude and tranquillity of his private apartments. When abroad—for, retiring as he is, he is fond of travelling—he shrinks from public notice as much as possible, and avoids ostentatious receptions and state-ceremonies. Alexander is

noted for the purity and regularity of his life from youth up; there are no stories to tell of his escapades or intrigues, no piquant scandal connecting his name with court-orgies or youthful follies. Affectionate and domestic in his disposition, he has made an excellent husband and father, having been assiduous in the training of his five or six sturdy boys, and exhibiting a constantly chivalrous demeanor toward the partner of his throne.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

GOOD-BY.

IF to our common words there may belong—
Meaning uncommon of the moment born,
Then shall this hour uplift above all scorn—
The homely phrase that leads the little song.
I cannot speak it for a hindering throng
Of fears, that fight with hopes this looked-for
morn,
And tears that make our parting seem forlorn—
Which in our talk has been a joy so long!
"It is not much," they say, "to cross the
sea!"
But fewer far than I they leave ashore;
Whom were I leaving thus for evermore—
Not Europe's proudest throne were bribe for me!
So, prithee, darling, in my "good-by," guess
The depths that lie of speechless tenderness!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A GLIMPSE FROM TRINITY STEEPLE.

THE view from Trinity-Church steeple is animated and picturesque, and strangers visiting the city should not fail to enjoy the varied and really beautiful prospect. Above, the view stretches for miles, a wilderness of roofs and steeples; while below, the picture on one side takes in East River and Brooklyn; on the other, North River and the bay. Broadway, from this stand, seems narrow, and the tall buildings that here confine it have the effect of an architectural cañon. The nearest church is St. Paul's, opposite the Park Bank and *Herald* buildings, which obstructs the view of the Park, the City Hall, and the new post-office. The monument in the immediate foreground is a handsome Gothic pile, in imitation of the monumental crosses so common in European cities. It was erected in commemoration of martyrs of the Revolution, who died in prison while New York was under British rule, and who are supposed to have been buried here. Trinity Church, we may mention for those unacquainted with the city, stands in Broadway, at the head of Wall Street, and overlooks the busiest and most important centre of the city. The buildings are crowded with banks, insurance and mining companies, lawyers' offices, all purely mercantile business having been crowded out from the entire section. The new buildings which may be seen at the right of the engraving are among the most imposing and substantial in the city, and give a striking character to the street at this point.



A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK FROM TRINITY CHURCH STEEPLE.

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RICHARD WAGNER.

SO much has been said of "the music of the future" that it will doubtless interest many to learn something of the man who is its principal exponent, and who, if not the greatest of living composers, as some assert, enjoys certainly the widest notoriety of any.

RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipsic, the 22d of May, 1813. When but six months old he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his mother, marrying again some time after, removed to Dresden, where young Richard entered upon a course of studies, in which music was included—showing, however, no special aptitude or taste for the divine art. For poetry and the drama, on the contrary, he evinced a very decided inclination, amounting, in fact, almost to a passion, the fruits of which were numerous plays and poems, admired in the circle of his friends, but never known beyond its limits. The profound impression that a first hearing of some of Beethoven's symphonies made on Wagner, seems to have awakened him to a sense of his true power, and inspired him with the idea of becoming a composer.

His early studies in harmony and counterpoint were irregular and by no means thorough, owing doubtless to that natural impatience of ambitious youth to grasp at once at a coveted whole, without mastering the disagreeable details absolutely necessary to its value as an acquisition.

At the age of nineteen he composed a symphony, which was performed at Leipsic, and met with a certain success. It was not until after the production of this work, laboriously written, that the young composer realized how much was still wanting to make him at home, so to speak, in his profession; and he then spared no effort until a thorough knowledge of fugue and counterpoint was acquired.

Contemporary in composition with the symphony were numerous pieces of minor importance—piano-forte sonatas, études, fantasias, etc.—essays of the composer with his talent, and, as such, not of sufficient consequence to deserve special mention. In 1833, or thereabouts, Wagner, then residing in Wurzburg, felt a strong desire to write for the stage, influenced, no doubt, as was all Germany at that time, by the grand dramatic conceptions of Von Weber. As the result of this influence came Wagner's first opera, entitled "Les Fées," in many points a flagrant imitation of Weber's style, and, for this reason, perhaps, never represented.

Widely differing from this was his second lyric drama, composed two years later, when he occupied the position of orchestral director at Magdeburg. This work, entitled "Le Novice de Palerme," of which the words and music are both his own, shows unmistakable evidences of the influence of Auber, whose "La Muette de Portici" had just won an almost unparalleled success, and whose melodious, flowing style, our ambitious composer studied, until it had become, as we might say, his own. But every thing seemed to conspire to render the effort unsuccessful. The resources of the theatre were meagre,

the season late, the vocalists unmanageable, and "Le Novice" was "shelved" after one representation.

In the course of the following year Wagner was chosen *chef d'orchestre* to the theatre at Königsberg. The duties here he found much more arduous than those at Magdeburg, and, worse still, infinitely more disagreeable and antipathetical to his nature. To conduct inferior and uninteresting operas, and to twist those operas into all sorts of distorted shapes, at the pleasure of an unreasonable manager and capricious artists, was a work which he, as a composer, found positively revolting. For some months he endured this, chafing under the restraints put upon him, but acquiring, from the very repugnance that these offences created, a new strength to carry out the reforms he contemplated. The only important event occurring at Königsberg was his marriage to the *prima donna* of the theatre, a person of fine disposition and with great natural talent, who, in the many trials and misfortunes of the years that followed, showed herself a loving and devoted companion until her decease, in the latter part of 1865.

Some few months after his marriage, Wagner was offered a position as capelmeister at Riga, and accepted it. But here, finding only a continuance of many disagreeable duties encountered at Königsberg, and at last despairing of ever rescuing German taste from its depraved condition, he concluded to seek a field of action more favorable to the development of his peculiar ideas. He naturally turned to Paris, just then lavishing its favors on Auber, Meyerbeer, and Rossini—Paris, so liberal in its support of the fine arts, so ready to recognize and reward the true and the great. There, and there only, could success be found. Quickened by the idea, he already sees the resources of the Grand Opera placed at his disposal, with an opportunity to compose a work full of those dramatic effects that have made "Les Huguenots" and "Guillaume Tell" so acceptable to the Parisians. The subject of *Rienzi*, the last of the Roman tribunes, suggesting itself as favorable to the purpose, he hesitates no longer, writes a libretto for the opera, arranges his affairs, and is soon on his way to the French capital.

In the voyage from Riga to Boulogne-sur-Mer, the vessel was overtaken by a terrible storm, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. Through the fiercest of the gale Wagner remained upon deck, fascinated and awed by the wild surging of the waves, and the weird, ominous moaning of the wind through the cordage. This scene made a lasting impression on his mind; and, in the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," written some years later, he has well conveyed the idea of a tempest at sea.

Boulogne once reached, the financial condition was such as not to warrant a continuance of the journey. Wagner took lodgings at a short distance from the town, and set bravely to work, confident that Paris was soon to make amends for his many disappointments. One day, happening to meet with Meyerbeer, he showed him some pages of the "Rienzi" score, and spoke with enthusiasm of his hopes and plans for the future. Although

the composer of "Les Huguenots" well knew the many disheartening rebuffs that enthusiasm must encounter, he did not discourage the young man, but gave him letters of introduction to Joly, Pillet, and Habeneck, musical directors, and to Schlesinger, editor of the *Gazette Musicale*.

Armed with these, Wagner hurried on to Paris, where, for a time, they secured him certain attentions and abundant offers of service; but the genuineness of these last, when put to the test, was found sadly wanting. After repeatedly suffering the disappointment of promises broken and engagements unfulfilled on the part of his newly-found friends, he awoke at length to a sense of his situation—plainly worse than ever before. It was a severe blow, but he had strength to meet it, and an unfailing energy to bear him up.

Suddenly through the cloud of trouble came a ray of hope. Joly, director of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, consented to produce "Rienzi." The affairs of the theatre being in an embarrassed condition, a bold stroke, it was thought, might possibly set them right. Wagner, encouraged, bent to the work with spirit, but to no purpose; the theatre was bankrupt before the opera could be brought out. This was a *coup-de-grâce*. Misery now stared him in the face.

In those dark days Schlesinger was the one friend who remained faithful. He accepted for the *Gazette Musicale* several articles on musical topics, and through his efforts Wagner was commissioned to write an overture for the Société des Concerts. "Faust" was chosen as the subject of this overture, which, on rehearsal, was deemed not sufficiently interesting or meritorious to warrant its public performance. Driven to new efforts by this failure, the future composer of "Tannhauser" was, for a time, engaged in arranging for flute, cornet, and other instruments, the popular airs of the day. He also prepared piano-forte editions of at least two complete operas. But matters grew even more desperate, creditors still more importunate; and at last finding it desirable to effect a change of base, he decided to locate at Meudon, a quiet neighborhood on the outskirts of the great city.

It is well known that Wagner regards the piano as the most despicable of all instruments; he hates its very presence, its most dulcet tones have no power to soothe his savage breast. Meudon, he thought, would surely be free from the tormentor, and for that reason, if for no other, desirable as a place of residence.

Hardly was he settled in the new lodgings when—horror of horrors!—from some deep recess of the house came sounds resembling those of a superannuated piano, but a thousand times more aggravating. Wagner, furious at this unexpected infliction, rushed frantically from room to room, up-stairs and then down, down, down to the uttermost depths, some twenty feet under ground. There was his sedate landlord, the person whom he least suspected, seated before the offending instrument, and enraptured, apparently, with its marvellous power. And such an instrument—harp, piano, and organ, combined—

forming a stupendous whole, capable of most unearthly sounds. The place, the man, the instruments, were too much for our composer, who burst into a hearty laugh, which brought the performance to a sudden close.

Peace was restored by the immediate removal of the nondescript, and Wagner, suffering no further interruption, worked on in the composition of a new opera, "Der Fliegende Holländer," determined to return to Germany if Dresden should decide in favor of "Rienzi," which had been sent there for consideration. Meanwhile, matters went from worse to worse, and, when the new opera was completed, the composer was actually without money to buy paper upon which to write the overture. Fortunately, at this crisis came a letter from Dresden, announcing the acceptance of "Rienzi," and requiring the composer's immediate presence. But the necessary means for the journey were wanting. In a frenzy of haste Wagner again composes and transcribes all sorts of airs for all sorts of instruments, until a sum sufficient for the immediate purpose is acquired. Dresden once reached, "Rienzi" is carefully prepared and enthusiastically received.

This success was soon followed by Wagner's appointment as orchestral director at the Dresden Opera-House, and as capelmeister to the king. This last honor had been conferred on no one since the death of Morlacchi, Weber's successor.

At Dresden Wagner found a fine theatre, excellent orchestra, and an intelligent and refined public. Here he remained until 1848, producing, in 1848, "Der Fliegende Holländer," and, two years later, "Tannhauser," which then received only two representations, owing probably to the fact that, in this opera, the composer first abandoned the accepted forms and style of operatic composition, to give place to his own peculiar ideas, since more fully developed and more strikingly presented.

Led by his republican sympathies to participate in the Revolution of 1848, Wagner, at the end of its short career, was forced to fly the country, and chose Zurich as a place of residence. While there, he published his most important literary work, entitled "Opera and Drama," the leading idea of which is shown in the following extract from its preface:

"I claim," he says, "herein to prove the possibility and necessity of a system of artistic creation in music and poetry (considered together) superior to that universally adopted at the present time."

This book severely criticises the works of Meyerbeer, who is accused of neglecting the true interests of art to satisfy his desire for popularity—an accusation that raised up against Wagner a host of enemies, and which he afterward deeply regretted.

Shortly before the appearance of this volume, he published two brochures, "Art and Revolution," and "The Artistic Mission of the Future," both of which excited much comment in literary and musical circles from their clear and forcible language, and from the boldness and originality of thought they displayed.

Wagner's fourth grand opera, "Lohen-

grin," was, through the efforts of the pianist Liszt, produced in Weimar, in 1850, with considerable success, and is now regarded by many as the composer's most pleasing work. In 1855 we find him in London, directing the concerts of the Philharmonic Society; and, by endeavoring to change some of their long-established customs and accepted interpretations of standard works, creating much ill-feeling and a strong party of opposition to his innovations. While there, he gave exhibitions of wonderful powers of memory, frequently conducting the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, without a score.

Determined, at any cost, to introduce his music to the Parisians, Wagner, in the autumn of 1859, returned to the French capital, and made every effort to secure a representation of "Tannhauser," but for a long time without success. At length the emperor, at the urgent solicitation of Madame de Metternich, ordered "Tannhauser" to be put in rehearsal. Every means were placed at the disposal of the composer to insure the best possible performance of the opera, and so anxious was he to obtain this result, that four months were consumed in its preparation.

The Parisians were not disposed to recognize favorably the efforts of a declared enemy to their worshipped Meyerbeer, and so it happened that "Tannhauser" was withdrawn after three representations, at the last of which opposition to the piece raged so fiercely that scarcely a note of the music was heard. Shortly after this terrible failure, Wagner, broken down in health and spirits, left Paris, craving, above all things, the repose of mind denied him in the harassing excitement of the previous six months.

After some time spent in travel, he made efforts to produce his opera, "Tristan and Isolde," composed in 1857; but, meeting with little or no encouragement, he gave up the attempt in very disgust, and proposed returning to Zurich, intending for the future to lead a retired life. Before this purpose could be carried out, however, he was invited to Munich by the young King of Bavaria, who offered him, as an inducement, entire control of the music of the Court Theatre and every facility for the production of his operas. Here was an opportunity too good to be lost. Wagner, accepting the offer, went immediately to Munich, where he received a royal welcome, and where he has since resided principally, admired and favored by the king, who, it is said, even sacrifices the interests of state to his love of music—music of the future, that is.

"Tristan" was first performed in June, 1865, the greatest care being exercised in its preparation; but it failed to make any marked impression. Since then Wagner has written three operas—"Die Meistersänger von Nürnberg," first represented in 1868; "Das Rheingold," in 1869; and "Die Walküre," in the past year—besides this, publishing, from time to time, brochures on matters relating to his art, which have attracted more or less attention. The later operas have not been, and can never be, as successful as "Tannhauser" and "Der Fliegende Holländer," principally for the reason that each succeeding work departs more than its predecessor from accepted precedents, and just in the proportion of

that departure are the elements of popularity wanting. Both of the last-named operas have been favorably received in the principal European capitals, and represent the composer's real successes.

A thorough and careful analysis of Wagner's work cannot be given within the limits of a magazine article, and we must, therefore, be content to notice briefly his leading ideas and the peculiarities of his style as influenced by those ideas.

Looking at the operas of the last generation of composers—those of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini, for instance—we find the *libretto* and the music to be two entirely distinct portions of the work, the *librettist* patching up some sort of a story that should offer the composer opportunities for the display of musical effects and for an average number of scenes—solos, choruses, and concerted pieces.

We see also that the music and story have often but little in common as regards characteristic color—that is, they are not appropriate to each other; and from this results a want of unity in the opera, as realized, fatal to any true dramatic expression. This is not only evident in the music rendered by the orchestra, but is still more noticeable in the vocal parts, often written with no regard to their situation, and with the sole and express design of showing off the voices to advantage.

If we compare, now, the old system with the new, it becomes plain that the latter embodies many true principles which must eventually prevail.

In the first place, Wagner holds that the composer should be his own *librettist*, choosing some poetic legend that he feels is capable of inspiring both the words and music. The legend he considers peculiarly well adapted for a musical setting, since it deals not with mere external incidents, but with the emotions and passions, to the expression of which music so admirably lends itself.

By the new system, the music and story should not only be conceived together, but should be so intimately connected and harmoniously blended as to be almost indispensable to each other. As Wagner insists that nothing must interrupt the smooth and natural progress of the dramatic action, he carefully avoids any approach to the old system of dividing the opera into set pieces—so many *arias*, choruses, etc.—these occurring only when absolutely required by the situation. Hence arises the complaint from many that he is not melodious. If we understand melody to be a *limited* musical phrase of marked rhythm, and one that is easily caught, then the accusation is just. But this absolute melody that exists of itself, independent of any idea or sentiment, this, according to Wagner, has no merit, and is entitled to no place in the musical drama.

In the entire opera of "Tristan" not five well-defined airs can be found. This is not so much because Wagner is wanting in melody, as that his melodic ideas, from their peculiar shape, are not always to be recognized by those listening eagerly for a "tune." Every melody, he says, is made up of many melodic phrases, each having a distinct value of its own; and these being combined with

the original theme, and presented in many different ways, go to make up a whole of the noble proportions—the true melodic idea.

On the appearance of any principal character, or at the first manifestation of a sentiment to be developed later in the course of the drama, he gives out a *motif*—that is, not precisely what would be called an air, but a phrase, having some melodic significance, and the rhythm of which is well defined. Here we see the use of the true melodic idea. This *motif*, once clearly given, recurs at every re-appearance of the character or fresh development of the sentiment it represents, and is always presented in some new way, yet is always recognizable. And not only are all the resources of the phrase employed, but by many delicate processes of modulation, and by many niceties of harmony and instrumentation, is that phrase colored, to best adapt it to the accompanying situation.

The grand idea of all this is, that the music must at all times reflect the drama, and, as far as possible, reveal those shades of sentiment and passion which mere words fail to express.

One great reason why Wagner's music is not more generally acceptable, lies in the fact that he makes frequent use of the hardest and most dissonant chords, and treats these with the utmost freedom; that is to say, where, with other composers, these harmonies occur only at rare intervals, and their entrance is then carefully prepared, with Wagner we find them piled upon each other, regardless, apparently, of all laws of harmonic connection. In the whole introduction to "Tristan," there is not a single consonant chord; hardly one recognizable form in a chaos of strange combinations. Notwithstanding these facts, Wagner's mastery of the science of harmony is beyond question, as may be proved by a single glance at his noble choruses, often written in six and eight parts, and arranged with a cleverness that compels admiration.

Whether the world can ever accept his theory of tone-combination and chord-connection as the true one, is a matter which time alone can decide. But when we remember that many harmonies employed by Beethoven and Schumann, now accepted without a question, and even admired for their originality, were at first declared harsh and disagreeable, it seems quite possible that these Wagnerian extravagances may, at no distant day, be regarded as perfectly legitimate, if not actually pleasing.

It is, perhaps, in the vocal portion of Wagner's operas that we find the widest departures from established precedent. There it is by no means the design to show off the vocalist advantageously, but to express, in the most appropriate way, the idea to be conveyed. In order to accomplish this, Wagner makes the most extraordinary demands on the voice, which he appears to regard simply as an instrument, capable of enduring to any extent and of overcoming any difficulty whatsoever. He has, in fact, written for voices purely instrumental passages, which it is folly to suppose can ever be perfectly or decently executed by a human organ; and even were artists found ready to accept *roles*

rendered formidable by these difficulties, it is still a question whether such a distortion of the vocal powers can be made acceptable to civilized ears.

To Wagner are we indebted for at least one great reform—that of raising the orchestra to a place of first importance in the interpretation of the lyric drama. In the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and even of Rossini, the orchestra seldom reflected the character of the dramatic situation, often serving simply as a support and accompaniment to the voices; not until the advent of Weber's genius did it assume any thing like its true position.

Wagner holds that the orchestra should not only share equally with the voices in the development of the drama, but that each prominent character and prevailing sentiment, besides being represented by some striking musical phrase, should have in the orchestra a tone-color appropriate and peculiar to itself. Whatever may be the merits of this theory, no one certainly is better qualified to display them than Wagner himself, for his knowledge and command of orchestral resources are unsurpassed. In the instrumentation of no other composer, save that of Beethoven, do we find such a marvellous power of expression, such wonderful effects of light and shade; and to this power principally must we attribute not only the success already won, but whatever may be reserved for him in the future. Familiarity with Wagner's productions cannot but lead to a more expressive and eloquent orchestration; and indeed, in Gounod's "Faust" and "Romeo," and in the latest operas by Italian composers, are ample evidences of the influence of the new school in this direction.

To conclude, Wagner is a composer of undoubted talent, whose ideas, although sometimes carried to extremes, will eventually have a beneficial effect on music, from their very boldness and vigor, if from nothing else. Again, he is a poet of great dramatic power, and a writer possessing literary abilities of no common order. Last, but by no means least, he is a man thoroughly in earnest; and, whatever may be his other claims to our consideration, this one, at least, should be recognized and honored.

GEORGE B. MILES.

VINNIE REAM AT HOME.

VINNIE REAM is now literally "at home" in Washington, for she has lately purchased the house on Pennsylvania Avenue where her studio has for some time been, and has made for herself a "local habitation" almost under the shadow of the Capitol. The house is an English basement, with plain, unpretending exterior, and would be passed unnoticed but for the plate beside the door, inscribed "Vinnie Ream's Studio."

Our ring is answered by a colored boy, who asks for "cards." "Miss Vinnie's orders is not to let any one in unless they sends up their cards." Visitors are sometimes inclined to criticise this rule, regarding it as an unnecessary assumption of ceremony—studios usually being places where one can walk in with only the preliminary courtesy of

a knock—but the little lady's reason for its adoption must be accepted as abundantly satisfactory. Visitors were freely admitted until one day during the past winter, when Miss Vinnie was summoned to the parlor to see a gentleman. She entered, closing the door behind her, and found herself face to face with a *madman*. She was fortunate enough to escape from the room, and her unwelcome visitor was, after a time, coaxed out of the house. But she did not soon recover from her fright, and since that adventure is naturally desirous of knowing whom she is to see.

We are ushered up-stairs into the pretty little reception-room, with its windows looking upon the avenue. A back-room on the same floor is the work-room. The studio is on the first floor. The boy returns in a moment: "Miss Vinnie is engaged just now, but she says for the ladies to make themselves at home, and look at her work, and she will be up soon." While waiting, we note, with curious, interested eyes, the pretty, tasteful appointments of this artist's home. The walls, instead of being left a hard, dead white—so suggestive of "whited sepulchres"—or covered with paper, whose monotonous figures stare one out of countenance at every turn, are hung with heavy maroon tapestry, which droops in graceful, fluted folds, the rich, dark color softening the bright hues which prevail in every thing else in the room, and forming a beautiful and effective background for the statuary. The carpet is many-tinted, and of an odd, quaint design, with a Moorish look, that suggests visions of the Alhambra. The light, sifted through crimson curtains, draped with white lace, throws a warm rose-tinge upon the marbles, flushing them into a perfect counterfeit of life.

From the corner opposite the door there looks down upon the entering visitor the sad, prophetic face of our martyr-president. This is the bust from which the head of the statue in the Capitol was modelled. It wears that look which so grew upon him during the last months of his life, as if something whispered to him of the tragedy beyond. An inscription for his statue has often been spoken of, and many have been suggested. Why did no one ever think of those lines of Mrs. Browning's, which might have been written for him:

"O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary pathos beguiling,
Groaned only while he gave you peace, and died while ye were smiling!
But never shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

In the corresponding corner, on the other side of the mantel, is a looking-glass, in a curiously-carved frame, resting on the floor; and on brackets attached to either side are marble busts of the twin-children of Mr. Edward Clark, the architect. The heads are turned toward each other, and the effect of the little faces laughing at one another across the glass, and reflected in it, is exceedingly pretty. Over the mantel hangs a portrait of Vinnie herself, in the dress of an Italian peasant-woman, which, truth to tell, suits better, with her dusky hair and tropical eyes and complexion, than the beruffled, bepau-

niered horror called a fashionable suit. This portrait was painted in Rome by one of our resident American artists. On the mantel is a beautiful specimen of Italian wood-carving—a book-rack, ornamented with painted medallions, showing some of the peasant-costumes of Italy. Several glass cases cover exquisite marble hands. These appear to be a specialty with Miss Vinnie. One has the dainty fingers folded over a lace handkerchief; another is picking up a rosebud; a third, resting on a book, holds a pen; but they are all modelled from the same hand, the original being that of a lady noted in New-York society for her perfect hands. On pedestals between the windows are three busts. One of them, the "Violet," a young girl, with delicate, sweet face, and her shoulders wreathed with the flower which gives her its name, is Miss Vinnie's first work in marble. Looking at it, we question, if this be the first, what will the last be? It is a very pretty idea of hers, this finishing her busts with a wreath of flowers, instead of the usual folds of drapery, so difficult to arrange gracefully. One of her busts is finished with a wreath of lilies, another with the passion-flower, and still another with morning-glories. Leaning against the wall is a medallion of Senator Rice, a perfect likeness.

But beautiful and striking beyond all these is "Miriam." A full-length figure, lightly poised on one foot, as if just ready to glide into a dancing-step, the drapery blown back, revealing the outlines of the perfect figure; on the head a turban, wreathed with pearls, such as "Miriam the prophetess" might have worn. The hands, raised "a full, white armsweep" above the head, hold a timbrel. The face is slightly raised, the lips just parted in a smile, the expression proudly triumphant. Even so might the sister of the Hebrew law-giver have come to meet him in his hour of triumph; and, as the crimson glow from the curtain falls on brow and cheek, it looks no more a marble image, but a living, radiant woman; and involuntarily we watch the parted lips, almost expecting them to burst into the song: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." The "Sappho" and the "Spirito del Carnivale" are usually considered our artiste's finest works; but it seems to me that neither of them can at all compare in beauty of conception, gracefulness of attitude, or perfectness of finish, with the "Miriam."

On the wall hang diplomas presented to Miss Vinnie by the American Institute and the French Academy of Science. A piano, guitar, and harp, with a pile of music for each, say that the presiding genius of this dainty room is musician as well as sculptor.

Noting all this in far less time than it has taken to write it, a few moments pass pleasantly; then there is a little rush in the hall, the door opens with a quick, impetuous movement, and the original of the portrait stands before us, in the working-dress, a black skirt and white blouse, which she never changes for visitors. The "visitors' book," with its scores of names for almost every day, says that she would do little else should she dress for them all. She talks frankly and simply

of her work, and seems all the time longing to return to it, for the little nervous hands are never still, and looking at them, it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to realize that they modelled the grand, solemn statue, that looks down on us in the Capitol.

She has just finished a bust of Farragut, with which Mrs. Farragut and her children express themselves entirely satisfied. She is now working upon a statue of Rip Van Winkle, about two and a half feet in height, and an equestrian statue of General Thomas, about one-third the size of life. Before attempting this, she spent much time in studying the anatomy of the horse, and a plaster skeleton of one occupies a place in her studio. This she hopes to make her greatest triumph. It is an ambitious work for a woman; but, looking at the little figure, all quivering with nervous energy, and the cool, resolute eyes, we feel sure that when Vinnie Ream says "I will," there is no obstacle short of fate itself that she will not conquer.

ELIZABETH KILHAM.

AN EVENING WITH SOTHERN.

WHEN Sothern was playing in Baltimore a supper was given to him at the Allston Club, at which I had the pleasure of being present. It was his benefit night, and Ford's Grand Opera-house was filled with an elegant audience. He played Lord Dundreary, a part which he has made as famous as the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson, the Falstaff of Hackett, or the Hamlet of Booth. My present purpose, however, is not with the play, but with the player; not with the eccentric Lord Dundreary, but with the cultivated gentleman, Mr. Sothern.

After the performance, we went back of the stage, to meet our guest. We were kept waiting a long time before he joined us—so long that all the stage-people had left, and all the lights were out, except a dim lantern on the floor. It was by this uncertain light that I saw, for the first time, Sothern in *propria persona*—a slightly-built but strong and active man of about forty-five, with a refined and interesting face, expressive eyes, and a most winning smile.

At the stage-door of the Opera-house a carriage was waiting; we jumped in, and drove rapidly to the Allston Club-house, on Franklin Street. The Allston, named after our great native artist, Washington Allston, is the only club in Baltimore which has any pretension to the fine arts and literature: the walls are adorned with beautiful paintings; the reading-rooms are well supplied with the best literature; and the musical *soirées* bring together each month the best musical talent of Baltimore.

At midnight we sat down to supper, Mr. Sothern, of course, occupying the place of honor. No person who had seen this great actor only on the stage, with his Dundreary whiskers and Dundreary eye-glasses, would have recognized him as he sat at supper that night; he had thrown aside his Dundreary manners, and appeared in his natural character of the refined, cultivated, and agreeable gentleman.

At supper some one introduced the subject of clubs. Mr. Sothern spoke of the London clubs. The Garrick, of which he is a member, is the most purely literary club in the world. It numbered among its members the distinguished names of Thackeray, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Buckstone, Sala, etc. He said Thackeray was not popular at the club on account of his sarcastic remarks upon members. Knowing the luxurious lives of the poets and novelists of our time, it is hard to realize the fact that these men are the successors of Savage, Boyce, and a crowd of literary men of the last century, who lived in garrets, dined in cellars, died in poor-houses, and were buried in parish-vaults.

Sothern told us that, when the play of "David Garrick" was adapted from the French by the late T. W. Robertson, Buckstone, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, said it would not take. Sothern was of a different opinion, and the splendid success of the play proved that he was right. It was acted two hundred and sixty nights in London. When Sothern was playing David Garrick in Edinburgh, a rich tradesman, who aspired to be a patron of the arts, invited him to dinner. The host had the bad taste to ask his guest to repeat the second scene from "David Garrick." Sothern, who has a proper dislike to playing actor off the stage, declined. The tradesman insisted, whereupon Sothern said it would require a violent demonstration on his part, and the china might be in danger. The host still insisted, and Sothern acted the part so well that the tablecloth was pulled off, the splendid India china dashed to the floor, and broken to pieces.

Of contemporary actors Sothern spoke most kindly. Of Joe Jefferson, in particular, he has the highest appreciation. He not only evinced the warmest personal feeling toward him, but spoke of his acting as "inimitable," and said he was the "delight of the American stage."

The conversation then turned upon the social position of actors.

"The social position of actors, as of all other classes, depends upon themselves," said Sothern. "It pains me to speak unfavorably of the members of a profession which is so dear to me, but, with a few exceptions, actors are the most ignorant, vain, and conceited of human beings. But, when they have deserved social success, the world has not refused to bestow it. The history of Garrick is familiar to all readers. Coming to London a poor and friendless youth, he adopted the stage as a profession; his success was unbounded; for a period of forty years he trod the boards without a rival, and at his death left an estate valued at one hundred and forty thousand pounds. His social success was as great as his professional career was brilliant. He was the friend of the leading men of his time, and the companion of princes and nobles. Garrick had no worthy successor until John Philip Kemble arose gloriously upon the London stage. He, too, was an example of genius rising superior to circumstances. His father was an obscure provincial actor, but he managed to give his gifted son a finished education. Kemble's success as an actor was not so splendid as Garrick's nor so rapid as Kean's. He was

admired and courted by the first in rank and talent; honored by the notice of his sovereign; invited to Carlton House by the Prince of Wales; and often enjoyed Sir Walter Scott's hospitality at Abbotsford, whose cherished friend he was. Edmund Kean was the Napoleon of actors; his career on the dramatic stage was as rapid, as dazzling, and as brief as was that of Napoleon's on the mighty stage of the world. The splendid society of Holland House was open to Kean, but his tastes took him to the Coal-Hole and kindred haunts of dissipation:

'He might have soared in the morning light,
But he built his nest with the birds of night.'

Kean made a million dollars, but died poor. Crabbe spoke only the stern truth when he said of actors:

'Sad, happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain.'

But there is something fascinating about an actor's life. Men of other professions become actors, but it is seldom that a successful actor abandons the stage for any other pursuit."

Mr. Sothorn told us that nine years of his professional life had been passed in the United States. He had played in every city from New York to New Orleans, and seemed to have a true appreciation of this country. Two of his children were born here, and he said he hoped to see one of them President of the United States. Sothorn is entirely free from the reserve and coldness of manner which distinguishes most Englishmen. He is simple, frank, and cordial, with an evident relish for fun. He was the life of the table that evening, and entertained us with an endless variety of stories, songs, and jokes, but all "within the limits of becoming mirth."

It was very late when the party broke up, for the delightful hours flew unheeded by. When at last we arose to go, a parting health and continued prosperity to our distinguished guest was proposed and drunk with all the honors, after which we separated, each agreeing that most enjoyable had been our "Evening with Sothorn."

EUGENE L. DIDIER.

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

REFERENCE has frequently been made of late, *à propos* of the Dilkite agitation in England, to the Duchy of Cornwall. Its history is interesting.

So soon as William the Norman found himself on the throne of England, his first step was to obtain the legal and official sanction of the people he had conquered, and he was accordingly crowned at Westminster by the Archbishop of York.

Probably those parts of the country adjacent to the capital soon abandoned as futile any attempt to "kick against the pricks." But this was not so in the remoter parts. Devonshire and Cornwall, in particular, gave signs that they would not surrender without a struggle. The latter was at that time a sort of principality, a county, in the original sense of the word, under Earl Condorus. He was of royal British blood, a representative of the ancient Britons, and had inherited his

right of dominion from his distant ancestors, and neither Saxon nor Dane had ventured to dethrone him.

No sooner did William the Norman find that the natives of the west of England were disposed to dispute his sway and make themselves troublesome, than he determined to avert future difficulties by deposing the Earl of Cornwall and replacing him by his own half-brother Robert.

Besides giving him dominion, he bestowed upon him two hundred and eighty-eight manors and all the ancient castles that had been occupied by the British princes in the county.

Robert was accompanied to his new principality by a number of Norman adherents, who came in for a handsome share of the good things going.

Many of the descendants of these gentlemen hold the lands then bestowed to this day. St. Aubyns, Bassets, Champenones, Fortescues, share the county with the Trelawneys, Pollexfens, and Pendarves; and others, whose name, commencing with Tre, Pol, and Pen, indicates their descent from the original stock.

William created his brother Robert Earl of Montaigne. Robert was succeeded in Cornwall by his son William, who opposed King Henry I., and was, consequently, degraded from his dignity and deprived of his dominions.

The vast estates passed through various hands, returning, through failure of issue or other causes, to the crown, more than once, and being regranted, until, in 1329, Edward III., into whose hands the earldom had for the second time fallen, created his eldest son, well known afterward as Edward the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall.

King Edward appears to have been very anxious to give the utmost security to the appanage, for soon after he procured an act of Parliament for settling this new title, together with all the possessions that had ever been connected with the old one, "on the eldest son of the King of England forever," and on the death of the Black Prince, King Edward created his grandson (the Black Prince's eldest son Richard) Duke of Cornwall; thus indorsing the former creation in a manner which seemed superfluous.

This title and honor have been since held by every eldest son of a reigning sovereign.

The duchy estate is to this day the largest in Cornwall, although it has been terribly reduced.

In 1824 only seventeen manors remained out of the two hundred and eighty-eight.

Early in the present century, the council of the duchy let to a Mr. Rashleigh, a Cornish gentleman, a large tract of waste-land, at very low terms, on a long lease. Mr. Rashleigh leased out a considerable part in small lots, for which he received about two dollars an acre.

The occupiers, by the advantage of pilchards, salt, decayed-fish manure, and sea-sand, were, in a few years, able to make this land worth from seven to ten dollars an acre.

From that time the Duchy of Cornwall, whose revenues had fallen very low, has gone on improving in value. In 1824 the gross revenue was reckoned at twenty-two thousand

pounds a year, now it is nearly seventy thousand pounds, and increasing about two thousand annually.

The present flourishing condition of the property is entirely owing to the energy and perseverance of the late prince-consort.

About twenty-five years ago that admirable personage discovered that his son's possessions had for a long period been shamefully managed. By the supineness or duplicity of agents, large tracts had been filched away—some, through lapse of time, beyond recovery. Dues payable to the duchy estate had been suffered to go unclaimed, and, in short, the whole property had been ruthlessly plundered. He resolved to take the matter vigorously in hand. Having associated with himself in the council of the duchy one or two noblemen who enjoyed in their respective counties the reputation of being admirable men of business, they set steadily to work on the recuperative process. Dire was the indignation in the duchy. Loud were the howls of the injured innocents who found themselves in the firm grasp of able lawyers, with the whole machinery of the courts brought to bear upon them to extract restitution. It is needless to say what a monster was, in their eyes, "this needy German, who came over to meddle in what doesn't concern him." But the prince knew he was right, and held on manfully. He had his reward. When his son came of age, instead of the thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds a year net, which the prince-regent had received from his appanage, the present heir-apparent found himself with a heap of ready money and an income of fifty thousand pounds a year, steadily increasing.

What was the result to the country? Why, that, instead of having to give the prince a hundred thousand pounds a year, as it had to give George IV. at his majority, besides an enormous sum for setting up his establishment at Carlton House, forty thousand a year sufficed, and still suffices, for the prince's wants from the public purse.

The Prince of Wales, who is Duke of Cornwall, has no residence in his duchy. It was some time since proposed to purchase for him a fine seat, Werrington Park, belonging then to the Duke of Northumberland, but the project was abandoned on account of remoteness from the metropolis, and deficiency of sporting advantages.

Although the extremity of Cornwall can now be reached by railway, the Land's End was almost the last place to enjoy that means of communication with the rest of the country. The old Falmouth mail, with its guard and coachmen in scarlet, and four fine horses bowling along at eleven miles an hour, being about the last representative of its kind seen on an English turnpike. The Cornish still remain a peculiar people, with in many respects—notably, cookery—their own manners and customs. The Cornish language, one held in common with the people of Brittany, has only died out within the last quarter of a century. The gentry are clannish, but very hospitable. Up to within quite a recent date some of the establishments of the great squires were maintained with a profuseness and hospitality savoring of feudal times.

R. LEWIN.

TABLE-TALK.

AN entertaining writer in the current *British Quarterly* discourses of the "Modern Newspaper," with especial reference to the British newspaper, metropolitan and provincial. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the English Government used to levy a tax upon newspaper advertisements, which was originally three shillings and sixpence on each advertisement, whatever its length and character, and was reduced to eighteen pence in 1833. The stamp-duty on newspapers, down to 1836, was fourpence, and was then reduced to a penny. The advertisement impost was wholly abolished in 1853, and the stamp two years later; and the reviewer points out the striking impetus given to journalism by its release from these burdens. The arguments in favor of retaining the stamp, that it preserved a high tone to the press, and kept the papers already in existence from an unhealthy competition, were speedily proved baseless. From this time dates the rise of the penny paper; and now the unprecedented prosperity of the *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and *Daily News*, has abundantly proved the success of the penny-paper experiment, for these journals not only yield a constantly-increasing wealth to their proprietors, but afford the public all the important news, with able comments thereon, for a penny, which is to be got from the *Times* for fourpence. It appears that there are two hundred and sixty-eight papers published in London, of which fifteen are morning journals, seven evening issues, and two hundred and forty-nine weeklies. The weeklies are further divided into forty-six, which are local in their character, their principal circulation being in, and their contents especially referring to, the different districts and parishes which together form the vast metropolis; twenty-five religious organs, among which the reviewer somewhat arbitrarily includes the *Spectator*, as the organ of the Broad Churchmen, and of which eight represent the Establishment, three the Independents, three the Methodists, one each the Quakers, Baptists, and Presbyterians, two the Jews, and five the Roman Catholics; one paper reflects the views of the radical freethinkers, and one those of the working-classes. Thirty weekly journals are specially devoted to topics of literature, art, and science; while there are, besides, medical journals, organs of lawyers, of the army and navy, and of the various trades and enterprises, such as the *Baker's Record*, the *Pamphleteer's Gazette*, and the *Railway Era*. An English writer on the subject of newspapers, estimates the total newspaper circulation in Great Britain and Ireland in 1870, at a hundred million; and two of the London papers have an average circulation of a hundred thousand copies daily, while three others publish editions of seventy thou-

sand. The growth of journalism in the provinces and the sister kingdoms has kept well apace with that of the metropolis, and this is true of their quality as well as increase of number and circulation. Some of the provincial papers—such as the *Manchester Guardian*, and *Leeds Mercury*—have achieved a reputation for their enterprise in news and their editorial ability—which is not confined to the boundaries of Britain. The English shires have eight hundred and fifty-one papers, most of them weeklies; Scotland, one hundred and thirty-one; Wales, fifty-three; Ireland, one hundred and thirty-eight; and the islands of Wight, Man, the Hebrides, etc., sixteen. Of the counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire take the lead, both in the number and quality of their papers.

— A charity from which much was expected, and yet more has been reaped, was established several years ago in Boston, under the name of the "North-End Mission." The North End of Boston corresponds in some sort to the Five Points of New York; it is the wretched and squalid district where are huddled the very poor, and those who seek a safe or congenial retreat for the practises of vice or the commission of crime. The Mission has directed its especial attention to the reclamation of unfortunate women, physically and morally, and the salvation of the children who were growing up under the most blighting influences possible to humanity. It has worked quietly, and not the less effectively; relying little on philanthropic societies and public meetings, general provisions of wills, or the aid of the ostentatiously rich; having as its chief instruments a few warm-hearted and zealous ladies, who devote a large portion of their time to the actual practical details of reclaiming the poor creatures whom they approach. The physical needs of the latter are first cared for, and the methods of inducing them to depart from erring ways, are much like those adopted by Miss Stride, of London, whose work has already been noticed in Table-Talk. To impress the women and girls with a feeling of self-respect, above all with the fact that their self-respect need not be forever lost by their past life, and that there are members of society who do not look upon them with an unalterable contempt, but are ready and anxious to lead them to the higher plane of honest living and worthy doing, is a task difficult, indeed, but, as has been demonstrably proved, by no means vain. The results of the labors of the Mission were such as to induce its promoters to call upon the public for assistance, by means of a fair, which was held in March last, and proved a financial success, and the Mission is happily able to proceed on an enlarged scale. The Mission-school established for the poor young women and children has also prospered, and the latest report shows that two hundred scholars now attend it, while during the past year nine hundred gar-

ments and two hundred dresses have been cut out and distributed. The testimony of one of the ladies connected with the charity, is, that the women "are gentler in their manners, neater in their persons, and more particular about their homes and children," while they "carry happier faces than they did," a symbol, perhaps, of happier and better hearts. At the closing of the school for the summer, as well as at Christmas and New Year's, an entertainment is provided for the scholars, comprising a hearty feast, singing by some of the best Boston artists, and a merry time altogether; while flowers in abundance grace the scene, and teach a little final lesson of their own.

— The degree of interest attaching to a murder is derived, in a very large degree, from "the position of the parties." A murder in Houston Street, or at the Five Points, is quite another kettle of fish to one in Fifth Avenue. The murder in Park Lane, London, the other day, an account of which has been going the round of our papers, owed, in England, at least, half its interest to the fashionable character of the locality. Park Lane was, before the Reform riots, five years ago, really a lane, being very narrow. It is now a fine, wide thoroughfare, reaching the whole length of Hyde Park, from Oxford Street to Piccadilly. The houses have always been much prized, because they command fine views of the park. Dudley House, Dorchester House, and Holderness House, stand here, and Mr. Disraeli has a charming residence at the very best point. At the end, near Piccadilly, and immediately opposite to the rear of the residence of the queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, are a few houses of an inferior class. It was in one of these that Madame Riel was murdered. Murders in the aristocratic quarters of London are of very rare occurrence; but some years ago "a first-class" crime was committed in this very locality. In May, 1840, the town was startled by the announcement that Lord William Russell, brother of the then Duke of Bedford, had been found murdered in his bed. He was an old man, seventy-two years of age, and lived alone, with an establishment of three servants, in Norfolk Street, one side of which forms a part of Park Lane. Of course, there was a prodigious "sensation." Suspicion presently fell on his valet, a Swiss, named Courvoisier, who was subsequently brought to trial. The case excited extraordinary interest from circumstances apart from the crime. While confined in Newgate, the prisoner's counsel had an interview with him—an unusual proceeding in England, because the ordinary course is for the prisoner to instruct his solicitor, who in turn instructs counsel—and confided to him his guilt. But, notwithstanding this, in the course of the defence, Mr. Phillips endeavored not merely to shield his client, but, it was generally considered, unfairly to throw suspicion on others, a proceeding which

proved highly injurious to his great reputation and practice. Courvoisier was hung. Several eminent persons gave testimony in his favor, among them Lady Julia Lockwood—mother-in-law of Lord Napier, a few years ago minister at Washington—in whose service he had formerly lived.

—Victor Hugo has expressed his patriotic wrath at the subjugation of France by the Germans in a poem entitled "L'Année Terrible"—"The Terrible Year," which is a tragic echo of the great catastrophe of 1870-71. Some portions of the poem are peculiarly interesting to Americans, from the fact that they severely denounce Mr. George Bancroft, our minister to Berlin, and also President Grant. Mr. Bancroft's offence was this: In September, 1870, Bismarck wrote him a letter, congratulating him on the fiftieth anniversary of the doctorate conferred upon him in 1820 by the University of Göttingen. To this compliment Mr. Bancroft duly replied. This reply, it seems, despite the twofold circles of fire and iron in the midst of which that city lay, reached Paris, and was freely circulated. It read something as follows:

"It is a great privilege to live in these times. . . I accept, with gratitude, this kind salutation addressed to my advanced age, for, old age, divided by so short a time from eternity, acts, this year, the most important part on earth. It is white-haired men who conduct this German war to its end. You are still young, it is true, but Von Roon already belongs to the class of the venerable, Von Moltke, lacking twenty-three days, is of my age, and your king exceeds us all in years and youth. May I not be proud of my contemporaries?" How prudent or imprudent it was in the American minister—considering the manner in which European nations are wont to look upon the individual acts of public functionaries—to address such a letter to the Federal Chancellor at that particular time, is a question by itself. When the letter reached Paris it created not a little excitement, for it was misinterpreted, and set down as a proof that America had no sympathy with France in her misfortunes. Victor Hugo was particularly enraged, and his new poem contains a section entitled "Bancroft," in which he expresses "the tragic disdain with which *La grande France* looks upon those who babble about her, and whom she loftily ignores, whether they dwell in kings' palaces or in the haunts of the rabble—whether they are ministers or ragamuffins. In vain," he continues, "do you buzz about her. She does not even perceive your obscure shadows. You are not of consequence enough even to be despised." The poet's denunciation of President Grant is in a similar strain, and was provoked apparently by something in his annual message of 1870. We presume that both the high personages thus rudely assailed will feel more amused than hurt by the old poet's wrath.

—The sea-wall at the Battery is completed, the grounds as newly laid out are planted, and the once-honored resort has put on a beauty and a charm which exceed the glories of its fashionable supremacy. New-Yorkers, usually such strangers to every thing that does not lie in a straight line between Wall Street and the Central Park, would do well to make a journey to the Battery now for the sake of discovering that they possess a sea-wall and park which, for beauty and picturesque prospects, can scarcely be beaten in the world. New-York Bay is notoriously one of the most beautiful; the bay of Naples, no doubt, excels it in natural attractions; but in what other harbor is native grace supplemented so liberally by animated life upon the waters? It may be questioned, all things considered, if the view from our Battery can be equalled. There is a wide, handsome promenade on the sea-wall; trees, and grass, and paved walks, of Parisian elegance and finish, supply the inland picture; outward there are, in the distance, the swelling hills of Staten Island, at the right the shores of New Jersey, at the left the architectural piles on Brooklyn Heights, and the shipping groups at the Atlantic Docks; then, near at hand, is the picturesque pile of Castle Garden on one side, and the revenue-offices on the other. These features are only the frame of the picture. It is the vast, superb bay that lies within them which supplies the soul of the scene. Here are always fleets of anchored vessels, and fleets of moving vessels; there are ships bending under clouds of white canvas, and ships at rest; there are ocean-steamers coming and going; steamboats from the vast cathedrals of the North and East Rivers down to the snorting little tugs; there are brigs, schooners, sloops, yachts, sail-boats, and row-boats; there are ferry-boats moving everywhere; and great groups of canal-boats and barges under tow from the upper waters of the Hudson; there are strange-looking craft from the four quarters of the globe. Where else can be found a picture of such variety and animation? And yet the modern New-Yorker scarcely knows it. It is fashionable to walk on Fifth Avenue; it is "the thing" to drive in the Central Park; but, as it is quite unfashionable to walk on the Battery, he loses a picture that, for beauty and animation, is really unapproachable—and will be content to lose it unless the mighty rule of Fashion rehabilitates a locality that once was the pride of the town.

—The presidential campaign has opened with the nomination of Horace Greeley for the highest office of the republic—a selection which, to say the least, should command the sympathy of every American editor, as Mr. Greeley may fairly claim to be, in reputation and in influence, at the very head of the profession of journalism. So far, the most notable element of the contest is the fun it has developed. Brother Greeley's old white hat

and white coat figure prominently in this connection, though of late years we have never seen him arrayed in any thing but the usual garb of an American gentleman. The white hat and white coat, however, will serve as a symbol as well as Jefferson's red breeches, which were so famous in the campaigns of sixty or seventy years ago. The old and somewhat stale jokes about the philosopher's handwriting, and his fondness for agriculture, have also been revived and received with due merriment. Some inventive genius, of a humorous turn, has combined both these sources of amusement in an imitation of the battle of Dorking, called the "Conquest of America," which is supposed to be written twenty years or so in the future, and which we have copied into our "Miscellany" as a specimen of the current fun of the day. We hope the contest will be carried on to the end in this good-humored style, and that no malignant assaults will be made on the personal character of the candidates. Mr. Greeley's oddities of dress, of diet, or of penmanship, are fair game for the jokers, and so are General Grant's proclivities for horses, cigars, and bull-pups. But it is safe to say that the choice of a president, which decides by what party the country is to be ruled, is too serious a matter to be much affected by squibs about trifles.

Literary Notes.

THE "Autobiography of Amos Kendall," just published by Lee & Shepard, carries us back into antediluvian times, politically speaking. In it we read about the War of 1812, and how the Federalist parsons of Massachusetts pounded their pulpits in denunciation of the wicked party in power at Washington. Farther on we read about a journey from Massachusetts to Lexington, Ky.—an affair of months—and about Henry Clay's family, in which Mr. Kendall was a tutor, and what a temper the late Hon. Thomas H. had. Still farther on we find a picture of life in Washington almost half a century ago, in which we see counterparts of the figures that people the capital of to-day—office-seekers, office-holders, embezzlers, bloated contractors, female brokers, *et id genus omne*. Here the narrator steps behind the scenes, and thenceforward his narrative has the character of an *ex cathedra* revelation. He tells the story of the United States Bank more fully—or, rather, one side of it—than it was ever told before. There never was a president, he tells us, save Jackson; and Amos Kendall was his prophet—and his fac-totum. It is exceedingly interesting to read this record of those troublous times, and to see how the country was agitated to its very centre by an issue of which half the voters of to-day have barely heard mention. It is instructive, too, because it suggests the reflection, amid some tremendous political storm, that "it is not much of a shower, after all;" that we have survived a good many quite as severe; and it strengthens one's confidence in the stability of our government. The advocates of freetrade will find in this volume the cleverest and most convincing statements of their doctrine that, so far as we know, have ever got into print. Some of the dialogues

between farmers about protection present the whole case in a nut-shell—yes, in a beech-nut-shell. There is a good deal of matter in the book which might as well have been left out; some of the essays on government and religious questions merely weight the work, without adding much to its value. Still, Mr. Kendall was one of the few men who never write any thing that is not worth reading; and if we find this volume too bulky, it is because we view it with reference rather to the great reading public than to its intrinsic merit. The closing pages show Mr. Kendall in an enviable light: he was a Democrat of Democrats; but he loved his country better than his party, and gave liberally to the cause of the Union. It is somewhat remarkable that, in the recent eulogies of Professor Morse, so little honor was awarded to Mr. Kendall for his services in establishing the telegraph system. We think we do not err in affirming that but for him the realization of Morse's schemes would have been delayed several years. But we have not space even to hint at the main features of this work, and must dismiss it with the remark that Amos Kendall was a power in the land forty years ago—according to Miss Martineau, the master-spirit of Jackson's administration—and that his Autobiography is full of profitable lessons in political history, and that it has a special value as the record of the rise of an American from humble poverty to high place and great fame.

APPLETONS' ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA, which has just appeared, forms the eleventh annual volume of a publication which supplies a place filled by no other work in the English language. It is a complete register of all important events of the year, supplying a digest of contemporaneous history indispensable in every library for reference, and to all business or professional persons who may require accurate information as to current events. The present volume presents the close of the most serious conflict in Europe, within a recent period, by a treaty of more than usual hardship to France; the rise and frightful struggle of the Paris Commune; the development of the International Societies; the seating of a king, elected by the people, on the ancient throne of Spain; the peaceful operation of a republic in France, one of the oldest of modern kingdoms; the condition and progress of Italy united under one sovereign, claiming to hold his authority by the votes of the people; the consolidation of the numerous States of Germany under the powerful house of Prussia, together with other changes brought about under the influence of popular or monarchical principles among the people of Europe.

In the affairs of the United States it gives the particulars of the census of 1870, the progress of the States, the measures of Congress, and embraces in detail the resources and expenditures of the Federal Government; the results of taxation; the progress in the reduction of the public debt; the principles upon which the management of the finances is conducted; the banking system, with its expansions and contractions; the extension of internal trade and commerce; the financial affairs of the States; the various political conventions assembled during the year, with their platforms; the results of elections; the proceedings of State Legislatures; the increase of educational and charitable institutions; the rapid extension of the facilities of transportation by railroads, and of communication by telegraphs, and all those facts which determine the rapid progress of the people.

In addition to these matters, full information

is given of the progress of science, mechanical industry, the arts, literature, and education. The volume contains portraits on steel of Charles Francis Adams, M. Thiers, and William H. Seward.

Mr. Alcott's "Concord Days," of which mention was recently made in these columns, will contain the following "personal" about Ralph Waldo Emerson: "If city-bred, he has been for the best part of his life a villager and country-man. Only a traveller at times professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; liking plain persons, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest people; shuns egotists, publicity; likes solitude, and knows its uses. Courting society as a spectacle not less than a pleasure, he carries off the spoils. Delighting in the broadest views of men and things, he seeks all accessible displays of both for draping his thoughts and works."

In the same volume he gives what he calls his "code of composition," which may profit some young writers: "Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good overnight. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; re-view it of an afternoon; digest it after a meal; let it sleep in your drawer a twelvemonth; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, if he be an author especially. You may read selections to sensible women—if young the better; and if it stand these trials, you may offer it to a publisher, and think yourself fortunate if he refuses to print it."

"Three Generations" is the title of a recent novel by Sarah A. Emery, who has boldly entered the field occupied by Mrs. Stowe in "Old Town Folks." Comparisons are odious; but we must venture to institute one between these two books, to the extent of saying that, while "Old Town Folks" is immeasurably superior as a literary performance, "Three Generations" surpasses it as a study of old-time life. In this respect the book is remarkable; it shows us scenes of seventy years ago as vivid and real as those we see in our own houses; reading it is like having your aged grandmother repeat the stories told by her grandmother. It is a chronicle of Newburyport—of which city the author is a resident—a place which can fairly boast of having a history. There happen nearly all the events of the story; but the reader is treated to a brief visit to the Boston of sixty years ago, and entertained with charming hospitality on a Maryland plantation. As a story, the book is of small account; the author does not write good English, and the less said about her French the better; but students of social archeology will find delightful entertainment in its accounts of how our great-grandmothers lived and loved, married and died. It has a genuine musty atmosphere—a smell of old attics.

Noyes, Holmes & Co., of Boston, publish "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ," by Edmund H. Sears, D. D., author of "Athenasia" and "Regeneration." This work is in four parts. The first part gives the historical argument with an unfolding of the interior relations and character of all the Johannine writings. The second part shows the organic relations of the four gospels, and the fourth gospel in harmony with the other three—that they are not parallel, but lie one within another. The third part dis-

tinguishes the private from the public ministry of Jesus, and follows Jesus through this private ministry when John was his sole companion—showing how John's gospel constantly interlaces and supplements the synoptics. The fourth part is the Johannine theology unfolded in order and illustrated by its contrasts with the Platonic and Gnostic philosophies.

"The Nether-Side of New York; or, The Vice, Crime, and Poverty of the Great Metropolis," by Edward Crapey, is a collection, with a few additions, of papers from the *Galaxy*, depicting the phases of metropolitan life implied in the title. The sketches are exceedingly well written, and in the main truthful; but there is always temptation in literature of this character to over-color in the strain for effect. A more serious charge is, that it panders to a morbid taste for the criminal and the repulsive; and, for the good it does in arousing a few to labors of reform, is more than counterbalanced by the dissemination of a species of knowledge which most of us would be wiser and purer not to be familiar with. Published by Sheldon & Co.

Mr. Bayard Taylor leaves early in June for Europe, intending to make a sojourn of several years in Germany. He has a number of literary projects in hand, which can be more successfully carried out in the learned centres of the Continent than here, one among them being a history of Germany, with maps and numerous illustrations, designed for schools. This work will appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

Miscellany.

The Conquest of America.

(SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED IN 1852.)

YOU ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by its present European rulers, and to say something, also, of the causes which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart, for, whenever I revert to that terrible time, I cannot help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872 Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they believed him to be an honest man. But he was vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards and despite all opposition. He believed, among other things, that every man ought to go to the West to earn his bread; and long before he was chosen president he used to advise everybody to move to that region as a cure for all the disasters which could befall the human family.

As soon as he reached the executive mansion, which we used to call the White House, President Greeley organized an army of two hundred thousand men, and proceeded to force the entire population of the seaboard States westward at the point of the bayonet. The utmost violence was used. Those who resisted were shot down, and their dead bodies were carted off to a national factory which the president had established for making some kind of fertilizer. All the large cities of the East

were depopulated, and towns were entirely empty. The army swept before it millions of men, women, and children, until the vast plains west of Kansas were reached, when the pursuit ceased, and the army was drawn up in a continuous line, with orders to shoot any person who attempted to visit the East. Of course hundreds of thousands of these poor creatures perished from starvation. This seemed to frighten President Greeley, and he sent a message to Congress recommending that seven hundred thousand volumes of a comic book of his, entitled "What I Know About Farming," should be voted for the relief of the starving sufferers. This was done, and farming implements and seeds were supplied, and then the millions of wretched outcasts made an effort to till the ground. Of the result of this I will speak farther on.

In the mean time the president was doing infinite harm to the country in another way. His handwriting was so fearfully and wonderfully bad that no living man could read it. And so when he sent his first annual message to Congress—the document was devoted wholly to the tariff and agriculture—a sentence appeared which subsequently was ascertained to be, "Large cultivation of ruta-bagas and beans is the only hope of the American nation, I am sure." The printers, not being able to interpret this, put it in the following form, in which it went forth to the world: "The Czar of Russia couldn't keep clean if he washed himself with the whole Atlantic Ocean once a day!" This perversion of the message was immediately telegraphed to Russia by the Russian minister, and the czar was so indignant that he instantly declared war.

Just at this time President Greeley undertook to write some letters to Prince Bismarck upon the subject of potato-rot, and, after giving his singular views at great length, he concluded with the statement that if the Emperor William said that subsoil ploughing was not good in light soils, or that guano was better than bone-dust, he was "a liar, a villain, and a slave!" Of course the emperor also immediately declared war, and became an ally of Russia and of England, against which latter country Mr. Greeley had actually begun hostilities already, because the queen, in her speech from the throne, had declared the *Tribune's* advocacy of a tariff on pig-iron incendiary and calculated to disturb the peace of nations.

Unhappily, this was not the full measure of our disasters. The president had sent to the Emperor of Austria a copy of his book, "What I Know," etc., with his autograph upon a fly-leaf. The emperor mistook the signature for a caricature of the Austrian eagle, and he readily joined in the war against the United States; while France was provoked to the same act by the fact that when the French minister called on Mr. Greeley to present his credentials, the president, who was writing an editorial at the time, not comprehending the French language, mistook the ambassador for a beggar, and, without looking up, handed him a quarter and an order for a clean shirt and a grubbing-hoe, and said to him, "Go West, young man—go West!"

So all these nations joined in making war upon the United States. They swooped down upon our coasts and landed without opposition, for those exposed portions of our unhappy country were absolutely deserted. The president was afraid to call away the army from Kansas at first, for fear the outraged people upon the plains would come East in spite of him. But at last he did summon the army to his aid, and it moved to meet the enemy. It was too late! Before the troops reached Cincinnati,

the foreigners had seized Washington and all the country east of the Ohio, and had hung the president (whose loss was not regretted), the cabinet, and every member of Congress. The army disbanded in alarm, and the invaders moved to the far West, where they found the population dying of starvation, because they had not followed the advice of Greeley's book to "Try, for your first crop, to raise limes; and don't plant more than a bushel of quick-lime in a hill!" Of course these wretched people were at the mercy of the enemy, who—to his credit be it said—treated them kindly, fed them, and brought them back to their old homes. You know what followed—how Prince Frederick William of Prussia ascended the American throne, and the other humiliations that ensued. It was a fearful blow to republicanism—a blow from which it will never recover. It made us, who were freemen, a nation of slaves. It was all the result of our blind confidence in a misguided old man who thought himself a philosopher. May Heaven preserve you, my children, from the remorse I feel when I remember that I voted for that bucolic editor!

Hindoo Cleanliness.

During a seven years' residence in India, I never knew of water being drawn from ponds or pools for cooking or drinking purposes. While on journeys, be they never so long, or the heat never so great, the natives will not drink except they can obtain water from good wells or running streams, and in their own dishes, which they always carry with them. As for foul smells, we had far rather take our chances for pure air in any city or town of India than in two-thirds of the wards of any city in America where the population exceeds fifteen thousand inhabitants.

The crows, vultures, pariah dogs, jackals, and the periodical rains which come in torrents and wash away every remnant of filth, are a more effective board of health than any we know of in this enlightened country. There are no out-houses there to send out night and day the horrid effluvia which taints the air of all our towns and cities. There is a caste of people called *mekshars*, whose inherited occupation it is to do the sweeping and to remove the filth from the houses and the streets, and who are paid by the families or by the village or city authorities. All filth is instantly removed by them to some out-of-the-way place, and at the proper time it is taken for enriching the fields or for burning brick.

The immense waste and decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, caused by the prodigality of the American people, is entirely unknown in India. Carefulness and strict economy of food are absolutely necessary. That there are stagnant pools and uncleanness is not to be denied, but comparatively India has greatly the advantage of America.

In personal cleanliness the people of the plains of India are incomparably in advance of Americans or Europeans. The Abbé Dubois, who spent eighteen years of research and inquiry among the Hindoos, "as one of them, conforming exactly in all things to their manners, to their style of living and clothing, and even to most of their prejudices," says: "In their conduct and the whole intercourse of life, the Bramins have nothing so much at heart as cleanliness," and goes on to recite a great number of circumstances which render it necessary for a Bramin to bathe. They always bathe before preparing or eating food. All good Bramins bathe once a day, fastidious ones three times. Other castes, though not so strict as the Bramins in washing their bodies and garments,

are yet cleaner than Western nations. Many of the poorer and lower castes are dirty through extreme poverty and overwork, but I hardly think that there could be found one who could say, as did an English laborer on being prescribed a bath for a certain ailment, "I haven't washed for this 'ere forty year and I'll not begin now!"

Condition of Ireland.

Probably no country in Europe has advanced so rapidly in the last ten years as Ireland, and this is seen in the tone of general cheerfulness in the dwellings, dress, and general condition of the people. Industrial habits have sprung up, the spirit of progress in the industries is more active than at any time in the century; there has been an increase of material comforts for the poor, and the practice of early marriages has been checked. Ireland is not rich compared with England, or even Scotland, but its poverty consists in the absence of great wealth rather than in the presence of great misery. While paupers in England are as one to twenty, and in Scotland as one to twenty-three, they are in Ireland only as one to seventy-four.

Nor are the Irish ignorant. The system of national education is bearing fruit, and the level of knowledge is quite as high as it is in England. Indeed, Mr. Lecky thinks that one of the most alarming features of disloyalty is its close connection with education. Cheap publications go everywhere. There has been a marked decline in out-of-door sports, fairs, and other boisterous gatherings, a great change in public amusements; those who once sought their pleasure in the excitements of the fair and the market, now gather in groups at the public houses and listen to the reading of Fenian newspapers. Mr. Thackeray would now find less of those ragged and devil-may-care groups of independent beggars, who footed it lightly on the turf to the cry of a cracked violin and the encouragement of "Step out, Miss Judy."

The local government of Ireland presents a marked contrast to the political condition of the country. Public institutions are nowhere better managed; the police and the poor-law administration are very efficient; and this is shown by the decrease in pauperism. By a wise enforcement of the law for vaccination, Ireland has escaped the small-pox epidemic of England. In the matter of prison-reform, Ireland leads the world, and England is only meeting with any success in the treatment of criminals as she adopts the Irish methods. The reformatory system established in Ireland reforms the greater portion of convicts, and it has had a marked influence in the diminution of crime, and the security of life and property.

A Woman-Fair.

At the eastern extremity of the kingdom of Hungary, there is a little province lost among the mountains, and inhabited exclusively by herdsmen. Confined by Nature within their valleys, cut off from relations with the outer world, these people have remained but little more than half civilized. They have religiously preserved the manners and traditions of their ancestors. Among other remarkable and picturesque customs of this strange people is a fair, which is certainly unlike any thing else to be found in the world.

Every year, on St. Peter's day, may be seen, in the plain of Kalinasa, long trains of carts, accompanied by troops of peasants, arrayed in their best attire, laden with furniture and house-keeping utensils. They are followed by droves of cattle and sheep, decked out with ribbons and little bells. The young girls, es-

pecially, are dressed in their newest and gayest. The carts, having arrived in the plain, form a line with the herds belonging to them. From the opposite side of the grounds come, arrayed in their handsomest goat-skins, the young men who wish to take a wife. The review begins. The young men pass along the line of carts, and question the fathers with regard to the number of ducats and cattle. The dowries are displayed and compared, and the cattle and sheep are carefully examined. During all this time the young girls sit silent and motionless spectators of this inspection upon which their future lives so much depend.

There are marriage-brokers on the ground, who exert themselves, for a consideration, to effect negotiations which, however, are not unfrequently interrupted by the discovery that a pair of oxen have seen their best days, that a cow is intractable, or that the house-keeping utensils are incomplete. When a bargain is struck, the priest, who walks about gravely, is called. He chants a hymn, gives the young couple the nuptial benediction, and the ceremony is over. The bride embraces her parents and relations, mounts her cart, and the husband drives her away, with the rest of the livestock, to a village she has perhaps never seen.

Live Jewels.

All Nature is made to contribute to women's love of self-adornment. The demands vary according to the grade of culture or the caprice of the reigning fashion. The savage is content with the bones, teeth, and heads of animals, the feathers of birds, and the shells of snails and fishes, to adorn the head, ears, nose, neck, arms, and girdle. With the women of the cultured world nothing, perhaps, is made to contribute so largely to gratify vanity as the richly-colored birds. Whole birds of paradise and other species, and the feathers of the ostrich, peacock, marabou, and many other birds, are made to serve as ornaments for the head. But it is not generally known that the Mexican women of the wealthier classes use as ornaments, on extraordinary occasions, live fire-flies, which, in the dark, emit a bright, phosphorescent light. They belong to the family of leaping or springing beetles, and are called by the Spanish *cucujo*. In order to catch these bugs, the Indians fasten a live coal to a stick, and move it to and fro in the dark. The *cucujo* thinks this bright point a rival, and, in his anger, darts toward it, and finds the grave of his liberty in the hand of the Indian. The Indians find a ready sale for them in the larger cities, where they are bought by the wealthy ladies at about two reals (twenty-five cents) a dozen. They are kept in elegant little cages, and fed on slices of sugar-cane, and bathed twice a day, either by the ladies themselves or by their maids. In the evening they are put into little sacks, shaped like roses, and attached to the ladies' dresses. The light these little bugs emit surpasses in brilliancy the reflection of the purest diamonds. The daily bath they receive is absolutely necessary, as without it they would emit no light, which is sometimes strong enough, it is said, to read by.

Japanese Manners and Customs.

The Japanese never smoke opium. They have small pipes that will hold three good whiffs, and of the mildest Turkish tobacco. They have a club-house in Yokohama, of which the high officials are members. They have none at Yeddo, the capital. They have the games of chess, cards, and dominoes. Their cards are different from ours, but the essential principles of the game are the same. Latterly they have become large importers of billiard-

tables, and the game is fast assuming there high rank. They are great wrestlers, and every year the champion wrestler wins the embroidered apron, which he is allowed to wear one year. No Japanese is allowed to cut down a tree unless he plants another. Under the law, the mother is held responsible for the good conduct of her children. If a trouble occurs in the street, the parties living opposite are held responsible for it. Of course, they try to make the parties "move on" and stop the row. The idea is, that every citizen must be a policeman. All married women have their eyebrows shaved. Married men have no distinctive mark. The Japanese are a jolly people. They have their illustrated *Punch*; besides that, sixteen newspapers, with three English—the *Herald*, the *Mail*, and the *News*—published in Yokohama. The present emperor is the one hundred and twenty-fourth in regular line. In these generations there have been eight females. The present emperor, Mutsuhito, is six feet high, twenty-two years old, and a fine specimen of a man.

Anæsthesia.

The use of anæsthetics in surgical operations is far more ancient than most people imagine. The following extract from Du Bartas shows the idea to have been familiar to the minds of men as early as the sixteenth century. The *Sieur du Bartas*, poet, Huguenot, and captain in the army of Henry of Navarre, was born in 1544, and died in 1590 from wounds received at the battle of Ivry. His chief work is "La Sepmaine; or, the Week of the Creation of the World," which was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester, "gentleman of Kent." From this translation the extract is made, the old orthography being preserved. The subject is the "Creation of Eve:"

"Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut,
Some careless limb, before in use he put
His Violent Engine on the vicious member,
Bringing his Patient in a senseless slumber,
And griefless then, (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part;
So God impal'd our Grand sire's lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chillness strook,
Stel'd up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost,) to Lethe's sands,
In briefe, so numm'd his soule's and Bodie's senses,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely he refined,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind."

The Consumptive Hospital at Brompton.

One of the finest institutions of modern London is the Consumptive Hospital at Brompton. Brompton is a district lying to the southwest end of the metropolis, and, having long enjoyed a high reputation for the mildness and healthiness of its air, has, on that account, been a favorite place of resort with *primas donnas* and the singing-tribe. Of late years it has risen enormously in fashionable estimation, and rents have quadrupled. The hospital, which is a splendid building, standing in very extensive grounds, has lately received a magnificent addition to its means from a very eccentric old maiden lady—Angelica Read. Until the time of her death, she had been a myth and a mystery. Owning large house-property in London, upon which there would accrue no impeachment of waste, she permitted it to go to rack and ruin, having a vehement dislike to some relatives to whom this property was eventually to descend, and for many years it was a terrible eyesore. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, the will was propounded, and the rest of kin cited, but, as they failed to appear, and the

evidence as to execution was perfectly satisfactory, the court pronounced in favor of it, and the hospital gets every thing—even furniture and jewelry—that the old lady possessed.

English Parliamentary Telegrams.

During the session of Parliament, a telegram of the proceedings in both Houses is furnished every quarter of an hour to the London clubs, and placed in a prominent position in their entrance-halls. One is also placed in the crush-room of the Opera-house. The telegram commences to be distributed when the House begins its sitting, and is in this wise:

"4 o'clock.—House of Commons.

House made.

4.15.—Mr. Childers asking First Lord of the Admiralty question as to Megera committee.

4.30.—Mr. Goschen replying," and so on.

Almost every day there comes up, about 5.30, the tidings: "House of Lords. Lords adjourned." For their lordships, although they do not meet until five, whereas the Commons meet at four, rarely sit more than half an hour to an hour until the close of the session, when bills come up to their consideration from the Commons, and when their deliberations are consequently sometimes protracted until a very late hour.

The telegraphic arrangements of the press are on a very perfect scale. The *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Daily News*, all have a wire from the sub-editor's room to the House of Commons, worked by a finger-telegraph, and the *Irish Times* and the *Edinburgh Scotsman* have private wires direct from the House of Commons to their offices in Dublin and Edinburgh.

Foreign Items.

AMONG the noted persons who recently died in Prussia was General Malachowski, who, as an ensign in the Saxon Army in 1818, said to the Emperor Napoleon, at a camp-fire on the 19th of October, 1813, "Courage, sire, we still will conquer!" Napoleon replied, sadly, "My young friend, we may be all dead or prisoners by to-morrow morning."

The Danish Government has issued the following significant decree: "A number of so-called Mormon emissaries having had the impudence of trying to entice virtuous men and women from this kingdom, he it decreed that any town or village magistrate be authorized to sentence such emissaries to corporal punishment, in accordance with the law of 1869." In compliance with this decree a Mormon emissary was recently flogged by order of a village magistrate at Randers, in Jutland.

Courbet, the French painter, threatens to revenge himself upon his enemy Meissonier, on whose motion Courbet's paintings were excluded from the Art Exhibition in Paris, by painting Meissonier in an humble position at an audience granted him by the Empress Eugénie. A duel will probably result from the bitter quarrel between the two painters.

Offenbach, the composer, whose productions, during and shortly after the recent war, were discarded both in Germany and in France, claims that their popularity is now greater than ever before, and points in proof of this claim to the fact that he has never obtained a more liberal compensation for his works than at the present time.

Prince Bismarck has issued a state paper on the international copyright question. He

takes the ground that every country should be permitted to print the works of foreign authors, with the allowance to them of the same copyright they receive in their own countries.

Dr. Ignatius von Dollinger complains of being troubled by thousands of letter-writers, who frequently ask his advice on subjects with which he is not familiar, and also of the numerous visits which impertinent tourists pay to him.

Colonel Estvan, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary, at Vienna, for swindling, obtained, in two years, three hundred and forty thousand dollars from the imperial family of Austria.

The notorious Dr. Strousberg, formerly called the "Prussian Railroad King," and at one time believed to be worth many millions, has fled from his creditors to a hiding-place in England.

The Roumanian courts, instead of punishing the persecutors of the Jews in that country, sentence the poor Jewish victims of the recent riots to long terms of imprisonment.

M. Millaud, proprietor of the Paris *Petit Journal*, says that he has made five million francs by the publication of that paper since 1863.

Stephan, the Postmaster-General of Germany, was, in his youth, so poor that he had to earn a precarious living by copying lawyers' briefs.

Emile de Girardin says, in his lectures on journalism, that there are no better newspapers in the world than the great New-York dailies.

At Coburg it is firmly believed that Queen Victoria will abdicate at an early day, and then pass the remainder of her life at Castle Roseau, where Prince Albert was educated.

The favorite room of President Thiers, at the Palace Elysée, in Paris, is the same in which he refused, in 1849, to become a minister of Louis Napoleon.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has allowed his brother Henry, who had been exiled from Vienna for marrying an actress, to return to that city.

Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, will be accompanied, during his concert-tour in the United States, by his brother Nicholas, an eminent violinist.

The revolution in Iceland has been quelled by the Danish troops. Two leaders of the movement have been sentenced to death, but pardoned by the king.

Eugene Sue's posthumous novel, "The Last Bourbon," is pronounced spurious by Louis Ratisbonne and other eminent French critics.

The ex-King of Naples has applied, for a third time, to the pope for a divorce from his wife.

Louis Napoleon says, at Chiselhurst, that the greatest regret of his life is to have raised MacMahon to his present position.

Four European princes, none of whom, however, belong to reigning families, are married to American ladies.

Edmond About has lost his wife.

Rachel's father left in his will an order that his illustrious daughter should not be buried in the family vault.

Béranger's poems have, nowadays, hardly any sale in France. In 1840 three hundred thousand copies were sold.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon passes most of his time at Chiselhurst in making additions to his entomological collection.

Victor Hugo's new work, "The Terrible Year," contains a violent denunciation of President Grant.

The Prussian Government has prohibited the sale of woman's-rights publications issued in the United States.

The Princess of Holstein-Noer, an American lady, has sued the relatives of her deceased husband for two million dollars.

President Thiers was the guest of Count von Beust in 1865, and refused to receive him in 1871.

Alphonse Karr's "Guêpes" ("Wasps") are generally pronounced to be superior to those he published twenty years ago.

Victor Hugo denies, in the *République Française*, that he is engaged in a new translation of the Psalms.

The manuscript of Victor Hugo's "Châtiments" is offered for sale at Brussels for one thousand francs.

Ninety-four biographies of General Prim have appeared in Spain since his assassination.

Sixty-two duels were fought in Paris in 1871.

Vice-President Colfax has been elected a member of the Turkish Academy of Science.

Field-Marshal Moltke is writing a manual of algebra.

The Paris *Patrie* has the largest circulation of any journal published in that city.

Varieties.

DOLLY VARDEN, the locksmith's daughter, in "Barnaby Rudge"—whose name is now applied to a style of dress—is described by Dickens as having the "face of a pretty, laughing girl; dimpled and fresh and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humor and blooming beauty." Again, she is spoken of as having her "charms increased a hundred-fold by a most becoming dress, by a thousand-little coquettish ways." She is represented as having been attired, on a certain occasion, "in a smart little cherry-colored mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood a little straw hat, trimmed with cherry-colored ribbons."

The Chicago people are beginning to find that great fires in cities are not always the disasters they seem. Countless numbers of new firms are branching out from old ones, and a multitude of subordinates are becoming members of the firms they formerly served. For the securing of these minor advantages, wholesale conflagrations are not recommended to ambitious cities, but it is somewhat consoling to be able to extract much good from a large amount of evil.

A San-Francisco paper is put out by a little fun at its expense, and says: "We regard the atrocious correspondent as an infernal fiend, a false-tongued midnight monster, a red-handed assassin, a thief, a he-schoolmarm, a fraud, a ghost, and an unpleasant person! We esteem him a pea-green demon of the steaming pit,

with a cottonwood tail, eyes in his sides, and a cork neck studded with hot door-knobs! If there is any thing worse than this, we think him that."

A chapter of "Notes in Rome," in an English magazine, opens with the following anecdote: "Did you visit Rome in your travels?" asked a gentleman, in the interval of a waltz, of his partner, who had just returned from doing the Continent of Europe. "Rome! Rome!" replied the young lady, in a hesitating voice, "let me see. Did we go to Rome? Oh, yes. That is where we saw a woman shaving a dog on the steps of a church."

A negro preacher, at a Georgia camp-meeting, told his hearers that they could never enter heaven with whiskey-bottles in their pockets, and urged them to "bring 'em right up to the pulpit, and he would offer 'em a sacrifice to de Lord." The consequence was, that the good shepherd was in the evening so overcome by the spirit as to be unable to preach.

The will of the late Professor Treadwell, of Harvard College, gives, at the death of his wife, ten thousand dollars each to the Ipswich Public Library, Boston Public Library, Harvard College Library, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Boston Athenæum.

The aggregate number of copyrights entered in the United States during the year 1873 was 12,830. This includes all the books, pamphlets, periodicals, musical compositions, maps, engravings, chromos, photographs, and prints, for which copyright was secured.

Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging of him, who, when she saw him putting his hand in his pocket, cried out: "May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life," but, when he pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake you!"

The simple expedient of driving down an iron pipe saved the life of Levi Blanchard, who was recently buried in a well in Melrose, Massachusetts. It was three hours before he was rescued, but the pipe gave him air to breathe, and he recovered.

The term commonly used by us in calling a dog has induced the Japanese to think that "come here" is the English name for those animals.

The Western confectioner who, a few months ago, taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store, is now a millionaire.

Some one has discovered that Mrs. Southworth has killed over seven hundred people in her novels.

The "Dolly Varden" bonnets are said to be the prettiest and most becoming head-gear that has been worn by women for centuries.

The Catholic population of this country is reckoned at 5,600,000.

Contemporary Portraits.

Franz Abt

IN our generation, music is more successfully cultivated by the Germans than by any other people. Among their contemporary composers, none are, perhaps, so generally known throughout the civilized world as Johann Strauss, the celebrated composer of waltzes, and Franz Abt, who owes his fame to the great popularity of his songs.

Abt is the son of a Protestant clergyman, and was born at Eilenberg, Prussian Saxony, December 22, 1819. From his father, who was a proficient, he received his first musical instruction; but, although he evinced great love and aptitude for the art, he preferred to adopt the profession of his father, and, when he arrived at the proper age, he entered the University of Leipzig as a student of theology. In the mean time,

however, his musical studies were not neglected, and all the more fortunately for him, as, before entering upon the third year at the university, the death of his father deprived him of the means to continue his studies, and he was compelled to teach the piano for a livelihood. He soon began to publish his compositions, which, as early as 1841, when he was only twenty-two years old, won him the place of music-director of the Zurich Theatre. At that time the Sängervereine (singing societies), and quartet clubs, that are found in all the towns of any importance in Switzerland, were being formed. This annual activity in musical circles was an additional incentive to young Abt to cultivate his talent for composition, which he did so



FRANZ ABT.

much to the satisfaction of his new colleagues and neighbors, that they gave him the direction of their Sängerbund, the "Harmonie." He remained at Zurich till 1851, when he accepted the position of second Kapellmeister of the Brunswick Theatre, which he retained till 1855, when he was appointed Kapellmeister to the theatre and court chapel, an office he still retains, or at least did only recently. No one in Germany has done more to popularize music, and his services in this direction have been variously recognized by several of the European monarchs and art academies.

Abt recently arrived on a visit to this country, and will personally conduct the performance of his own compositions at the Boston International Peace Jubilee.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 168, JUNE 15, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
UP THE GUTANDOTTE: I. (With Illustrations.) By Gilbert Bur-	645	A GLIMPSE FROM TRINITY STEEPLE. (With an Illustration.).....	659
ling.....		RICHARD WAGNER. By George B. Miles.....	661
MISS INGLESBY'S SISTER-IN-LAW: Chapters III. and IV. By the	649	VINNIE BEAM AT HOME. By Elizabeth Kilham.....	663
author of "Morton House," etc.....		AN EVENING WITH SOTHERN. By Eugene L. Didier.....	665
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapters XXXVI. and	653	THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL. By R. Lewin.....	665
XXXVII. By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life.".....		TABLE-TALK.....	666
FIVE-TEN. By Caroline Chesebro.....	654	LITERARY NOTES.....	667
THE EARTH. By Henry De Wolfe, Jr.....	658	MISCELLANY.....	668
THE DEAR ALEXANDER II. By George M. Towle.....	658	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	670
GOOD-BY. By William C. Richards.....	659	VARIETIES.....	671
		CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. (FRANZ ABT.).....	671

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